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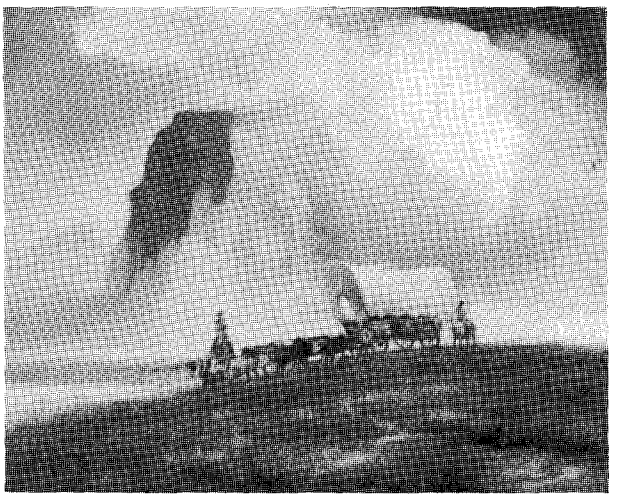

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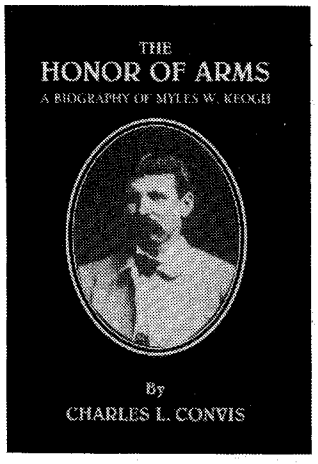

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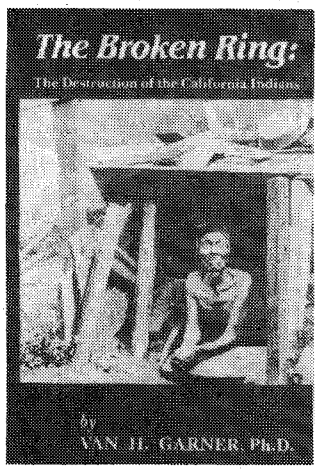

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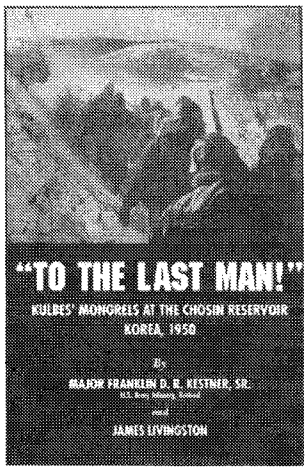

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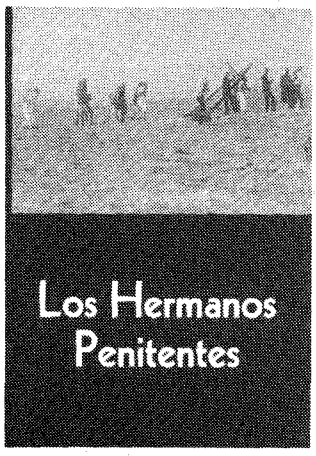

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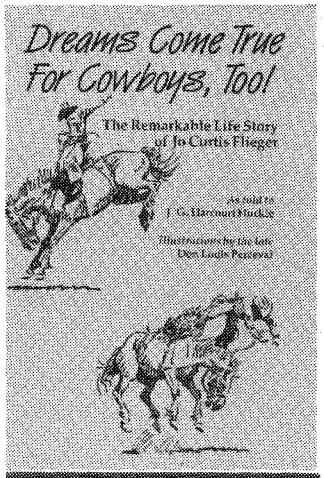

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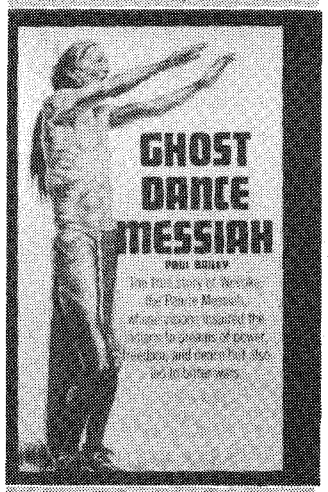

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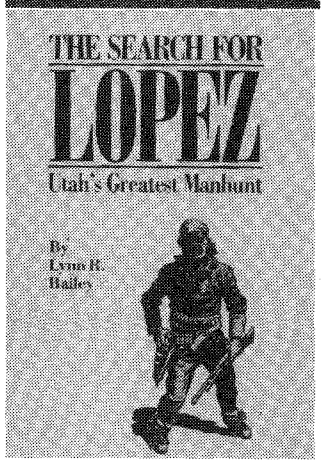

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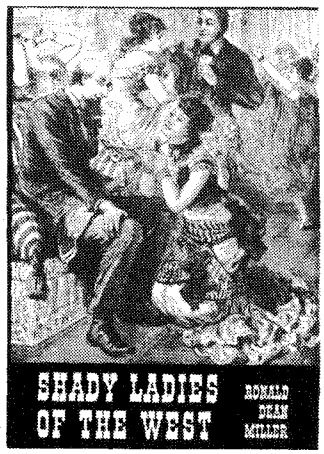

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TRUE WEST

August 1991
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Whole No. 280

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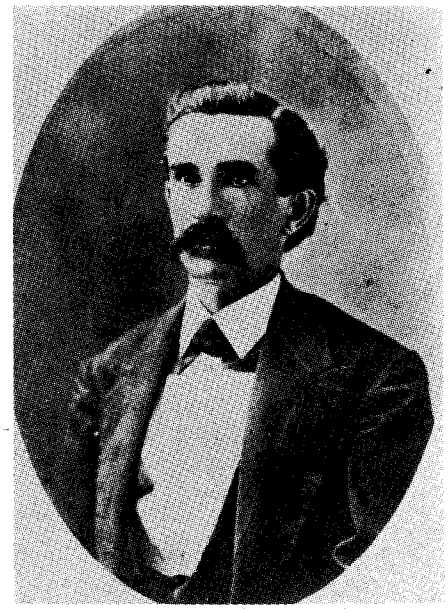

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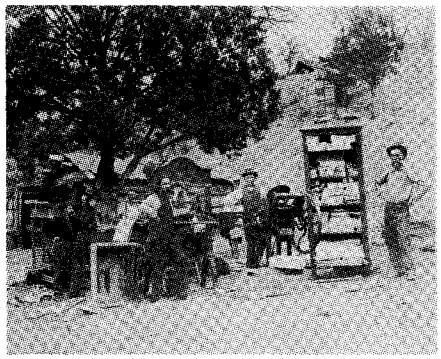

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The Daily Californian.

NEWT WALKER KILLS DAVE BURTON AND COMPANION AND IS A FUGITIVE IN MOUNTAINS

BACK SOMERSAULT IN WHEAT MARKET

The Total Fall in the Price of May Wheat Now Amounts to Thirty Cents.

OLD FEUD RESULTS IN DOUBLE MURDER IN TOWN OF HAVILAH

UNITED STATES MAY BE INTERMEDIARY

The Report Is not Confirmed but the Time Is Considered to be Opportune.

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Our Cover

Bert Snyder on his horse, Dick Head, tries to keep up with the big stampede. Painting by Mick Harrison.

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From the Editor

Howdy, folks!

I've told you all before how being the editor of TRUE WEST just has to be the best job in the world on account of how I get to spend my work day surrounded by an outstanding library of western history. Of course, all those books tempt me mightily to get lost among their pages and forget about the business of making magazines. But I generally manage to summon my last ounce of resistance and keep my nose out of the books and to the grindstone, as I reckon you all wouldn't take kindly to getting a note in your mail box explaining that this month's issue was cancelled because the editor was reading about Jim Bridger.

Howsomever, every now and again a new book arrives that I can't resist. All my punctuatin' and spellin' and the other things that an editor is supposed to do come to a halt, and I spend the next day or so lost to the world. Lately I've caved in to John S. Gray's *Custer's Last Campaign: Mitch Boyer and the Little Bighorn Reconstructed.* Since our first copy arrived a couple days ago, I've been following the life of frontier trader and scout Mitch Boyer, from his birth up to his death as a member of George Armstrong Custer's battalion at the Little Bighorn.

I hain't quite finished reading *Custer's Last Campaign*, but my deadline is looming and our production manager might come shoot me out of the saddle if I don't get this editorial to her in the next few minutes. Even with a few pages still unread, though, I can tell you all that it's one heckuva book. Anybody with any interest in the Indian Wars sooner or later will have to read it, not only for its revolutionary new analysis of the Custer fight but also for its lessons in how to conduct serious historical research.

As its subtitle implies, *Custer's Last Campaign: Mitch Boyer and the Little Bighorn Reconstructed* consists of two parts. The first is a biography of Boyer, an elusive historical figure who first came to Gray's attention as the only scout to stay with Custer up to the bitter end of the Little Bighorn fight. The second part is a reconstruction of that ill-fated expedition right up to Boyer's—and Custer's—final moments.

You might be tempted to skip the first part of the book and plunge right into the reconstruction of the Little Bighorn. But if you do you'll miss out on a fascinating character in his own right, Mitch Boyer. The son of a French trader father and a Sioux mother, Boyer grew up on the Montana-Wyoming-Dakota frontier, and by his death at about the age of thirty-nine he was an accomplished frontiersman and Indian scout. Combing historical accounts and documents for every shred of information about Boyer, Gray found a remarkable amount of material. The result is a fascinating biography. And if you pay close attention to Gray's resources, you'll learn a lot about how to do original research. You'll begin to suspect, too, that the Old West still holds countless new stories, waiting to be told by someone with the intelligence, patience, and sheer tenacity of a John S. Gray.

Gray's itch to know how Boyer spent his final moments on earth finally led him to try to reconstruct Custer's expedition and final battle. Using "time-motion analysis"—a process comparing distances traveled and probable speeds to all the known first-hand accounts—Gray is able to discard the impossible versions of events; those that remain form a thoroughly convincing account that will forever alter our understanding of the expedition and the battle. The time-motion analysis is one of those ideas that seems so obvious you wonder why nobody ever thought to do it before. But, of course, it took decades for dedicated researchers to collect all the existing eyewitness accounts, and Gray's knowledge of those accounts could have been acquired only over many years.

Before you read *Custer's Last Campaign*, you might want to brush up on the subject so you don't get lost in the complexity of the time-motion analysis. Then get a tablet and a sharp pencil to take notes, some good maps to follow Custer's route, lots of book marks to keep track of the tables and charts, and then plan to let the crops and critters fend for themselves while you take a few days' vacation, because you won't be able to put down this book. Or else, become an editor someplace where reading great western history books is part of the job description.

John Joerschke

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The Difficult Apache Language

"An Unlikely Power Struggle," the article about George Wratten and the Apaches by Judy R. Reis (TRUE WEST, February 1991) was excellent. Non-Indians such as Wratten and Tom Jeffords should be praised for their efforts to learn the Apache language. It is a difficult but beautiful language. Most of the interpreters around Fort Sill spoke Comanche and sign language, but they left the Apache and Kiowa languages alone.

Geronimo's dislike for Wratten may have stemmed from the old Apache feelings about mixed-blood Indians, a thing abhorrent to many of them. Wratten married an Apache girl, and they had two daughters. Not all Apaches, however, disliked mixed-bloods. Sam Hazous, one of Geronimo's men, married one of Wratten's daughters. Their son was the multi-talented artist Allen Houser.

Wratten apparently was highly regarded by at least some Apaches. Jason Betzines (1860–1960) Geronimo's cousin and fellow warrior, married the white missionary to the Apaches. Jason told me many of his people liked Wratten. Likewise, the late Eve Ball, an authority on the Apaches with whom I corresponded for several years, often mentioned that Wratten was well thought of by the old Indians at Mescalero.

Wratten is buried in western Oklahoma. May he rest in peace.—**Ron Whitewolf Morgan, P.O. Box 297, Redwater, Texas 75573.**

Invincible Pioneers

As usual, the June issue of TRUE WEST contained an interesting variety of stories.

Most of us are fascinated in reading of the exploits of all the desperadoes, etc. But we also find that reading about some of those invincible pioneers who contributed so much in the making of this great nation such as the "Gold Rush Dentist," by Malvin E. Ring, and "Sister Joseph: The Builder," by J.P. Holden, are appealing as well. May we please have more of the same?

Do you suppose those living one hundred or more years from now will find stories about our times as interesting as we find stories of the Old West?—**Mrs. Kathryn D. Fonteno, 1410 Alhambra Road, South Pasadena, California 91030.**

Editor's Note: I like stories about those old pioneers an awful lot my own self, and I publish just as many of the good 'uns as I can get my hands on. So, the answer to your first question is "yes"—

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so long as I keep getting that kind of yarn from freelance writers.

As for your second question, I suspect a hundred years from now folks will shake their heads and pity us poor primitives and wonder how we ever got along with nothing but microwaves, laser beams, automobiles, and what we call "indoor plumbing."

Pot Boils Over

Most of the time, in fact, almost all of the time, I can let things go by. You know—sorta look the other way, you might say.

But when TRUE WEST subscribers threaten to cancel their subscription because they don't like a particular article, that boils my pot over. Don't those folks have any consideration for anyone but themselves?

If you want to make my day, just tell them, "We have already cancelled your subscription, and here's your refund!" Oh, I know you can't do that, but you're pleasing me. I look forward to each issue, plus I order a back issue now and again.

Any suggestions? Just one: if it ain't broke don't fix it.—**Mack Freeman, P.O. Box 152, Filmore, Utah 84631.**

Editor's Note: Aw, shucks, thanks for the kind words about our mags. Bein's how we're all enlightened individuals at TRUE WEST, we would never do anything so inhumane as to retaliate against an unhappy reader by canceling his or her subscription. That kind of treatment would probably just make a person bitter and all the more likely to go out and cancel a subscription to some other innocent magazine sometime down the line. Instead, we believe in offering training and psychological counseling to rehabilitate the offender, coupled with meaningful community service such as reading TRUE WEST aloud to the visually impaired.

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Artifacts Stir Controversy

By PATRICK PILCHER

The discovery of stone and bone artifacts in a Washington apple orchard has caused excitement in the scientific community and controversy among members of the Colville Indian Tribe who think the site contains human remains of prehistoric people. Workers digging irrigation lines in the orchard in 1987 unearthed several dozen implements believed to be projectile points and other tools.

The find—the oldest well-documented trace of humans in the state—is thought to be of the Clovis culture, named after a site in New Mexico where similar artifacts were first discovered. The Clovis people, survivors of the ice age, are believed to be the first humans to travel south from the vast ice sheets that covered the continent 12,000–15,000 years ago.

While the scientific merits of the site are clear, the right to excavate there remains in doubt. Members of the Colville Tribe have expressed concern that the site not be further excavated until it can be determined if human remains are present. Matthew Dick, Jr., chairman of the tribe's cultural affairs, said his people are very upset by the possibility of the site being desecrated by excavation.

A recent agreement delays work at the site at least a year while workers determine if burials are present. After the artifacts were studied in the 1987 dig, all but fourteen were returned to the earth and covered with dirt to lessen erosion damage. Those fourteen artifacts were placed in a nearby museum.

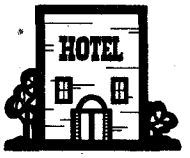
The Colville Tribe agreed that work to determine the geological context of the area could continue in two trenches which apparently contain no cultural material. The agreement points to a better understanding between scientists interested in archaeological study and Indians who seek to preserve the sacred and dignified nature of their ancestors.

Western Hostelries

Glen-Isle on the Platte:

A Trip Back Into Time

By FRANCIS L. AND ROBERTA B. FUGATE



At Glen-Isle on the Platte, forty-five miles southwest of Denver on U.S. Highway 285, you can take a trip back to the leisurely ambience of Victorian living. The rustic turn-of-the-century lodge has been preserved as a living museum. In the Victorian tradition, guests are assigned tables in the dining room, which still has the aquarium from which guests used to select rainbow trout.

(continued on page 10)

Author's Photo

The lobby of the Glen-Isle resort.

Pro Rodeo Hall Displays CAA Works

The Cowboy Artists of America Museum has loaned twenty-four pieces of art from its permanent collection to the Pro Rodeo Hall of Fame in Colorado Springs, Colorado, for a special exhibit. The display will continue through September 2.

The Pro Rodeo Hall of Fame has as its primary objective the perservation and understanding of the cowboy's place in the history of the West. That goal fits with the Cowboy Artists of America Musuem's mission of sharing Western art with the public. Such loans of artwork are made possible through museum patrons who donate art to the permanent collection.

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Gund Western Art Collection Shown

One of the country's premier collections of western art is on display at the Eiteljorg Museum of American Indian and Western Art in Indianapolis, Indiana, through September 29. "The Gund Collection of Western Art," is a tribute to the Old West and includes more than sixty oil paintings, watercolors, sketches, lithographs, and sculptures by artists who lived and traveled in the West. Much of the work was originally created for newspapers, magazines, surveyors, and explorers. The result of their wanderings is depicted in the collection of George Gund.

Included in the collection are works by Charles M. Russell, such as "Crippled But Still Coming (A Dangerous Cripple)," an oil painting of an angry, wounded bear. "The Wicked Pony," a rare bronze by Frederic S. Remington, is included, as well as paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Alfred Jacob Miller, and Henry Farny.

George Gund, who was president of the Cleveland Trust Company (now known as Ameritrust National Banks) from 1941 until 1966, began collecting western art in 1929. His first purchases depicted cowboys and reflected his interest in ranching. As his collection grew, the themes became more diverse.

Although his collection was never assembled in one place prior to his death in 1966, some of the pieces he particularly liked were displayed in his office at the Cleveland Trust Company. In the year before his death, Gund made clear his interest in seeing his collection assembled for public viewing. Since his death, his family has worked to fulfill that wish.

The Gund Collection was organized into a traveling exhibition in 1970. Since its inception, it has journeyed throughout the United States and has been exhibited at more than eighty locations in thirty-eight states. To ensure that the artworks can better withstand the climatic changes and other traumas of travel, many protective measures have been used. Special individualized

(continued on page 10)

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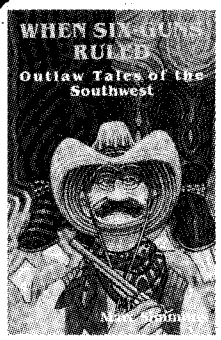
Outlaws and Lawmen



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(continued from page 8)

During the late 1890s, the Colorado and Southern Railway wound westward from Denver toward the gold and silver mines of Leadville. Summer resorts and vacation hotels blossomed along its route, particularly beside the many bubbling mountain streams.

In 1899, ten men put up $5,000 each to form the Glen Isle Land Company. They built a hotel and several guest cabins on a 160-acre plot on the North Fork of the South Platte River where the stream divided to form an island. The first guest registered in 1900.

The land company had grandiose plans. Glen-Isle was originally platted as a township, but the rustic hotel and an eighteen-hole golf course were all that materialized.

By 1908 there were so many hotels along the railroad that the sixty-six-mile run from Denver to Grant took four hours due to thirty-five scheduled stops and frequent other stops to let fishermen on and off.

By the early 1920s, business began dwindling. In 1923 Glen-Isle had been closed for a year when Arthur W. Baldwin and his wife Sarah came from Ann Arbor, Michigan, to Denver to see their new granddaughter, Barbara Lange. The Baldwins visited Glen-Isle, fell in love with it, bought the hotel and reopened it in 1924.

Arthur Baldwin did not like golf and planted the golf course in trees. Today those trees all but hide the lodge and cabins from passing motorists. Barbara Lange grew up and came to help at Glen-Isle during summer vacations. There she met her future husband, Gordon Tripp, a young forest ranger.

Today Gordon and Barbara Tripp, third-generation owners, operate Glen-Isle on the Platte. If that first guest who registered in 1900 could return, he would have no trouble recognizing the lodge, and the Tripps intend to keep it that way.

The twelve cabins which are scattered about the resort have been modernized, but the lodge remains the same. There was little difficulty getting Glen-Isle named to the National Register of Historic Places.

Gund Collection of Western Art

(continued from page 9)

travel crates were constructed for the pieces, and the entire collection is transported in a climate-controlled van.

The collection will be on long-term loan at the Eiteljorg Museum and selections from it will be interspersed with the museum's permanent collection following its initial display. The Gund Collection is sponsored by Ameritrust National Banks.

The Eiteljorg Museum is located at 500 West Washington Street in White River State Park, Indianapolis, Indiana, telephone (317) 636-9378. The museum is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.; Sunday, noon to 5:00 p.m. The musuem is closed Mondays except June, July, and August. Adult admission is $3; parking is free.

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The lobby consists of a rustic circular room built around a great tree trunk. There is a well-used fireplace in one corner. The gift shop (formerly a lounge), dining room, and kitchen are surrounded by wide verandas outlined with flowers and hummingbird feeders.

A sweeping stairway curves up out of the lobby to the second floor where fifteen rooms are furnished with turn-of-the-century antiques (the beds have been refitted with modern box springs and mattresses). No two rooms are alike. Bathroom facilities are "down the hall," but that turns into a plus—that hall is lined with antiques and exhibits.

The Tripps are inveterate collectors: Indian artifacts, Western Americana, bottles, insulators, old mining equipment, rock specimens, and dolls. Barbara has lost count, but she estimates her doll collection at more than 1,500, including one of the best arrays of Indian dolls in the nation. She may not have an exact count of the contents of her crowded showcases, but if you point to one she can give you its history in short order. Many are displayed in miniature room settings and dioramas which Barbara has made during long winter evenings.

The dining room is lined with Indian pottery and baskets, along with Gordon's collection of Indian cradle boards. Representing more than fifteen tribes, it is one of the best private collections in the United States.

"We don't have telephones or television sets in our rooms," says Gordon. "Most of our people would rather listen to the river than to a television set. And we don't serve alcoholic beverages."

The lodge is open from the first week in June through Labor Day on the American Plan; housekeeping cabins are open year-round. Single occupancy in the lodge, including three meals a day, is $42 per person; $52 in the cabins. Double occupancy is $39 per person in the lodge and $45 in the cabins. Rooms are available without meals.

For more information on a visit to Glen-Isle on the Platte, write Gordon A. Tripp, P.O. Box 128, Glen-Isle Resort, Bailey, Colorado 80421; the telephone number is (303) 838-5461.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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The Five-Pointed-Star Badge

By CHUCK PARSONS

The "tin star" has become a symbol of many Old West lawmen. Mrs. Evelyn Reed, P.O. Box 141, Coldwater, Kansas 67029, wrote to ask if the Texas Rangers were the first to use the five-pointed star as their badge.

The Texas Rangers may have popularized the badge but they were not the first to use it as a symbol of authority. New York police used a similar badge as early as 1854. An article that year described the uniforms and accoutrements of various officers. "For the Captains of Police, the emblem is a silver star, with a silver disk about a quarter of an inch wide, having engraved upon it the name of the captain." This sounds much like the badge seen in many photos of early-day law officers as well as Texas Rangers. Perhaps the best source of such items is the book *Badges of Law and Order* by George E. Virgines.

Pony Express Riders

Pony Express riders wrote a brief but dramatic chapter in American history. Stuart C. Brown, 1615 W. Cheyenne Road No. 88, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80908, wants to know if the government ever recognized them for their work. He also asked what effect this experience had on their later lives.

The Pony Express venture, organized by William H. Russell, Alexander Majors, and William B. Waddell, used only young men and boys (preferably orphans, according to their advertisements), and there were no female riders. The government did not recognize them for their work, as they were not in government service; their only recognition was their pay.

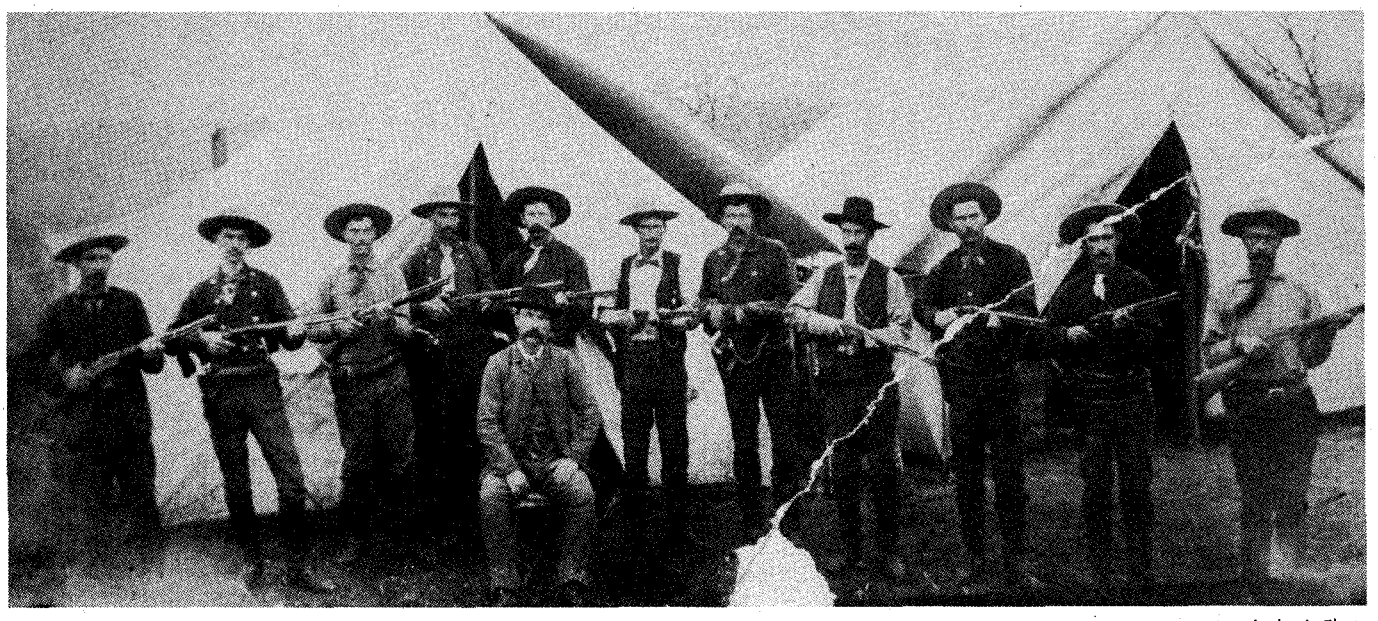
Pony Express riders were a varied lot and they had many different experiences after the express ended. For example, Henry Avis lived a long and successful life, dying March 19, 1927. Melville Baughn and William Carr were both hanged for murder, Carr the first victim of legal execution in Nevada Territory in 1860. Charles Cliff lived a long life after having success in the feed and flour business. He lived to be eighty and died on Christmas Eve, 1924. Of course, William F. Cody is the best known Pony Express rider, although documentation of his experiences is suspect. J.H. Faust became an outstanding physician. One of the best works on the Pony Express remains *Saddles and Spurs: The Pony Express Saga,* by Raymond W. Settle and Mary Lund Settle.

Calamity Jane's Daughter?

Mr. Brown had a second question, this one dealing with the whereabouts of Calamity Jane's daughter.

Author Glenn Clairmonte published an alleged biography of Calamity Jane in 1959 entitled *Calamity Was the Name for Jane.* In it Clairmonte wrote that Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane were married in September 1870, which is unsubstantiated, and that they had a daughter on September 25, 1873. Clairmonte even produced a photo of the alleged daughter at the age of four. The woman's claim was disproven when members of the Hickok family questioned her. The final word was that she admitted being born in 1880, four years after Hickok's death.

Jane was married several times and reportedly had a son in 1882 and a



Author's Photo

Texas Rangers like Capt. Frank Jones (seated) and the men of his Company D popularized the five-pointed star. With Jones in 1888 are (left to right) Ira Aten, Frank Schmid, Charles Fusselman, Ira Barton, John Woodard "Wood" Saunders, John R. Hughes, J. Walter Durbin, Bass L. Outlaw, Charles Barton, Ernest Rogers, and Gerry Jones.

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daughter in 1887. No one knows what happened to the son, and there is no record of the daughter after 1895.

Photos of Doc

Many characters of the Old West had their photographs taken, and Edwin Eden, Jr., Ash Torre Complex, 8401 Torresdale Ave., Suite No. A-8, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19136, wants to know about photos of John Henry "Doc" Holliday. "In all my reading on Doc I only have seen the one picture of him. . . the full face photo from the neck up which almost looks like a painting. Are there other photos of him?" asks Mr. Eden.

Yes, there are several other photographs. There is one of Holliday at twenty years old, taken in Philadelphia, and one of him taken in Prescott, Arizona Territory. Both appear in the biography *In Search of the Hollidays* by Albert S. Pendleton, Jr., and Susan McKay Thomas.

The familiar photo you describe is actually a three-quarter view which shows a well-dressed Doc holding his derby. Tombstone photographer C.S. Fly probably made this photograph. Windsor, Missouri, photographer B.W. Huey made a photo identified as Doc Holliday and his friend Sue. It was not dated but appears to have been made in the late 1870s.

Trail of a Lost Book

Gerry Nash, P.O. Box 7482, Amarillo, Texas 79114, recalls a book listing famous, and infamous, Old West characters buried in Oklahoma. He wrote to ask if this book, supplying names and locations of cemeteries, is still available.

Possibly the book Mr. Nash refers to is *Here We Rest: Cemeteries of Oklahoma,* by Kent Ruth and Jim Argo, published by the Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

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Old Dick Head an

By NELLIE SNYDER YOST

Author's note: My father, A.B. "Pinnacle Jake" Snyder, told me this story, along with the other stories that made up his book, Pinnacle Jake. *After the drive recounted here, the four outfits returned to Ogallala, gathered four more herds, and trailed them to northern Wyoming, eventually moving 30,000 head of cattle.*

I was fifteen years old, that summer of 1887 when Jack Smallwood and I left North Platte, Nebraska, with a bunch of saddle horses that M.C. Keith was sending up to Bill Paxton's outfit, the Ogallala Land and Cattle Company. We were headed for the White Tail Ranch headquarters on White Tail Creek, where the little town of Keystone was later built.

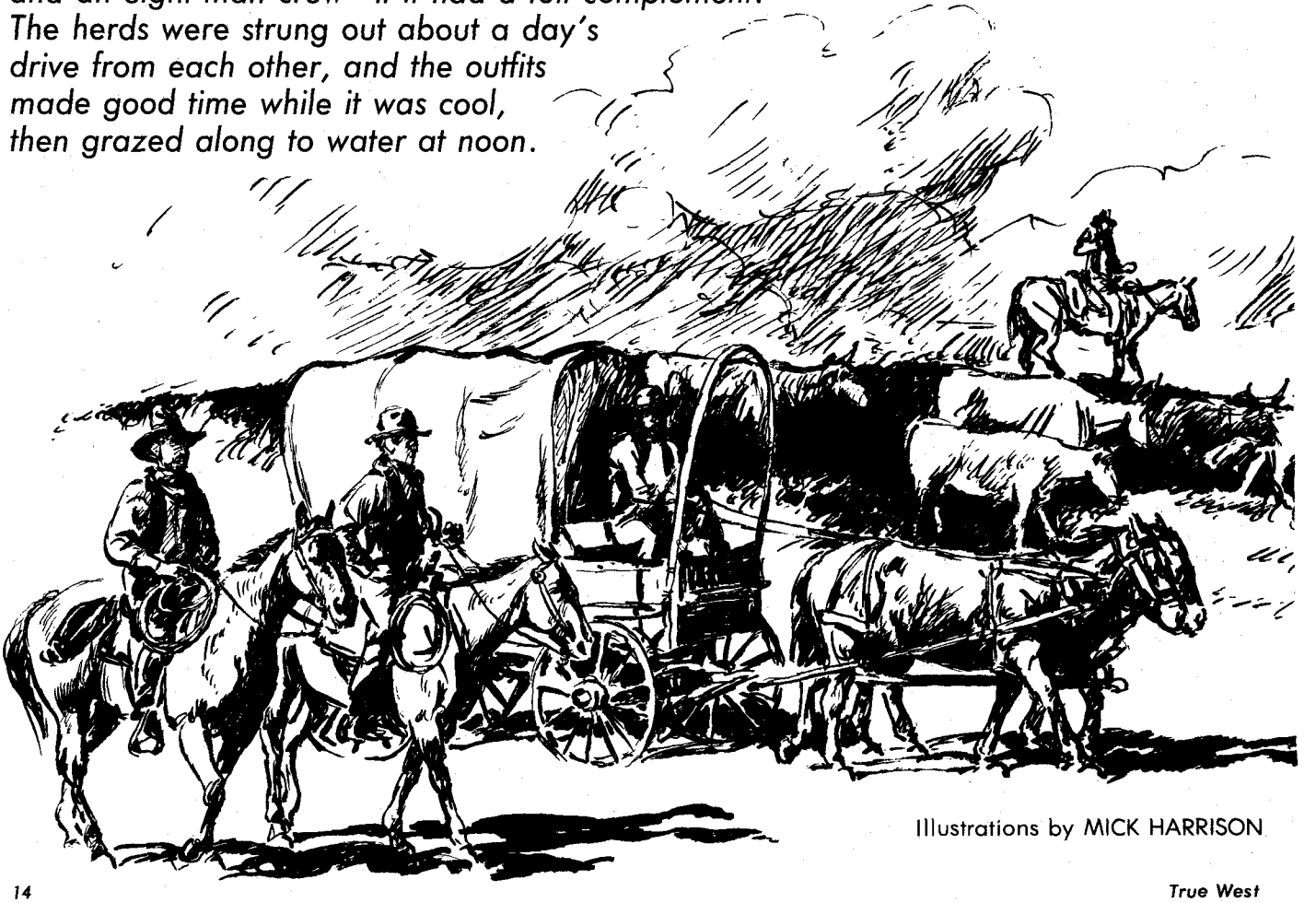
Paxton had four wagons on the trail that summer, moving cattle from the Nebraska sandhills to Converse and Johnson counties in northern Wyoming. Paxton was leaving Nebraska after the hard winter of 1886-87 when many of his cattle died of starvation in the deep snow. Paxton also wanted more room as homesteaders were fast settling the Platte Valley.

When we pulled in to the White Tail Ranch the foreman told us the outfits had already left for Wyoming with the trail herds, and that we should go on until we caught up with the wagons, as the horses in our bunch would be needed on the trail. About seventy miles west of White Tail we overtook the last wagon. John Hewitt, the wagon boss, was short a man so he put Smallwood to work. He told me I'd just as well go

Author's Photo

A.B. "Bert" Snyder, 1887.

Each of the herds had a boss, a cook, a day wrangler, and an eight-man crew—if it had a full complement. The herds were strung out about a day's drive from each other, and the outfits made good time while it was cool, then grazed along to water at noon.



Illustrations by MICK HARRISON

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d the Big Stampede

along to Wyoming as they might need me later on, so I drifted along with his wagon.

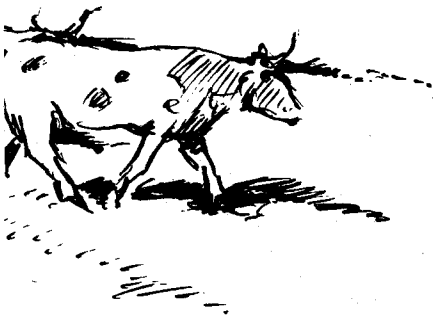
There were over 3,500 head of cattle in each of the four Paxton trail herds. Gene Hall was foreman of the first outfit, Bill Hanger of the second, Bud Chambers of the third, and Hewitt of the fourth. Hewitt and Chambers were both Texans. Each of the herds had a boss, a cook, a day wrangler, and an eight-man crew—if it had a full complement. The herds were strung out about a day's drive from each other, and the outfits made good time during the early part of the forenoon while it was cool, then grazed along to water at noon.

We'd make noon camp and water up good, then trail out again about half-past two and graze along 'til evening, when we threw the herds off the trail and made dry camp for the night.

After supper we bedded the herds down. On night herd, when everything was going good, two men stood two-hour shifts. One of the two herders on each relief carried a watch, his own or borrowed, so he knew when to call the next guard.

I'd been with Hewitt's wagon three or four days when Jim Ware, the manager of the Ogalalla Company, rode in to our noon camp. He had been up the trail, making sure the wagons ahead were getting lined out, and was heading back to the White Tail Ranch.

Jim told me to roll out from under the mess wagon, eat dinner, and go up to



I drew the second guard, the worst one of the four, that first summer on the trail.

Bud Chamber's wagon, as he was short a man in his crew. Bud was camped ten or twelve miles below the Sidney bridge and I rode into his camp as the outfit was getting ready to pull out after dinner.

Bud Chambers was probably the meanest little man that ever came out of Texas, and likewise one of the best cowhands. He claimed that he weighed 125 pounds, and maybe he did when he was in good shape and wore his six-shooter (and I never saw him without it). I guess I must've made a good hand, because after I'd been with him about a month he decided to pay me forty dollars a month. That was a man's wages in those days, the same as the rest of the crew got.

Shortly after I joined his outfit Bud cut me out a string of horses. As he cut out my night horse he said, "Kid, be good to this old horse. He's older than you are and he knows more about cows than you ever will. He's the best night horse I ever saw, and he was broke by the best cowman that ever come up the trail from Texas." The Texan who broke that little black was a man by the name of Dick Head, and that was the name they gave the horse. By the time I got him in my string old Dick had been in Wyoming for several years, and he'd grown somewhat bigger than the average Texas horse. It seemed that, after a few years in the North, Texas horses and Texas cattle got a good deal taller and heavier.

Old Dick was gentle and wise and sure-footed in the dark; I don't suppose he ever fell down at night in his life. He liked his work, knew his job, and could find his way back to camp, day or night, from any place I took him. When he brought me into camp, even on the blackest night, he'd go right to the spot where I'd dropped his picket rope when I bridled him. When he stopped I knew all I had to do was pick up his rope. He was the only horse I ever had that could do that. With other horses a fellow had to hunt and kick around in the dark, maybe in a rain or drizzle, to find his picket pin and rope.

When we threw the herd off the trail in the evening, two or three of the boys stayed with it while the rest of the crew went to eat at the wagon. After supper we caught our night horses out of the cavvy and went out to bed down the herd, while the last of the boys ate their supper and caught their night horses. The first guard came out about eight o'clock and stayed until ten when the second guard came out.

I drew the second guard, the worst one of the four, that first summer on the trail. After we got the herd bedded down, a man hardly got to sleep before his turn came to go on guard at ten o'clock. After he was relieved at midnight there wasn't much time to sleep, either, before the nighthawk brought the horses in at daylight (about three o'clock in the summertime) and we had to be up working again. As they say, in those days a cowboy did his sleeping in the wintertime, anyway.

The length of a day's drive depended on water, as the outfit planned to camp between rivers or creeks at night. Sometimes we had to make long, hard

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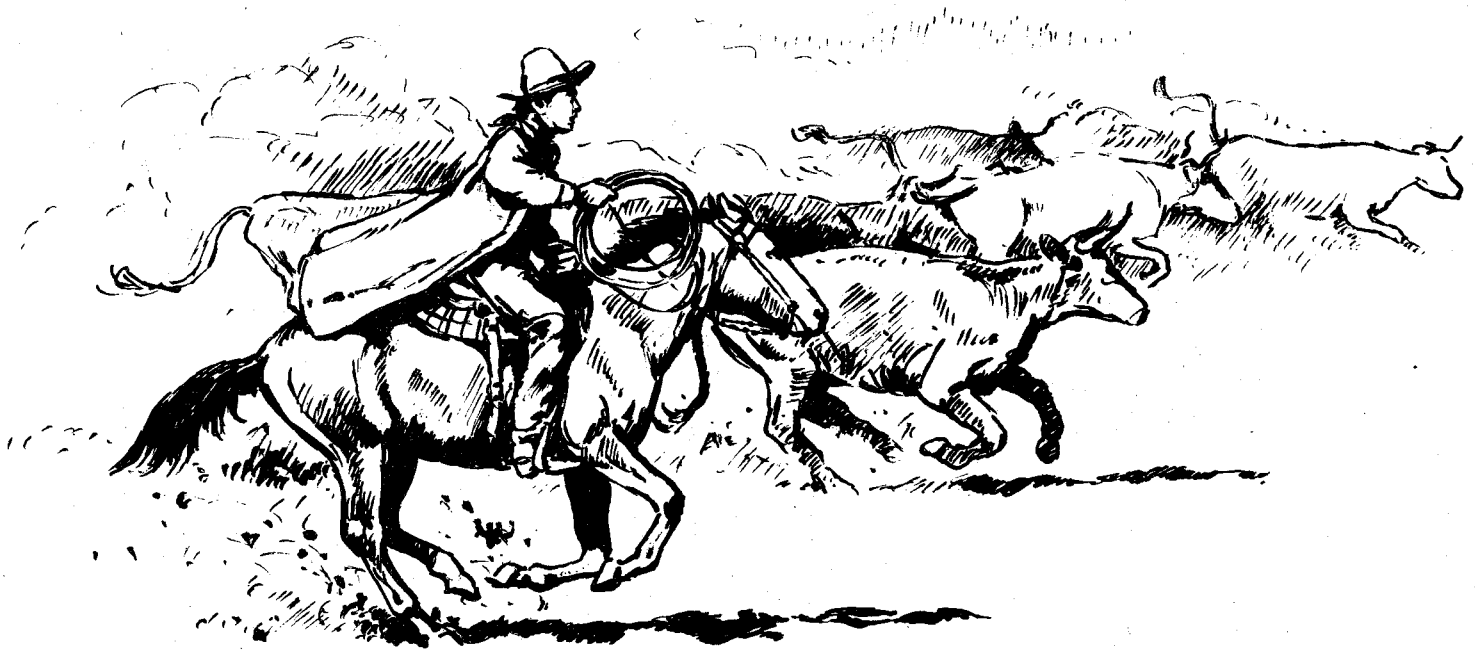

It was a terrible night and place for a stampede, cold and windy, and the country so rough and rocky. Pretty soon I could tell that old Dick had caught up with a big bunch of the steers. We followed them on a dead run. By the sound of things we seemed to be getting ahead of them when old Dick suddenly stopped dead still. . . .

drives, as much as twenty or thirty miles a day, to hit water. From Sheep Creek to Rawhide was a long, dry drive, and when we hit water on the Rawhide we laid over two or three days, resting up and watering good before we pulled out again.

While we were trailing through that Sheep Creek country we made camp as usual one evening and I went on guard at ten o'clock. A little while before midnight a heavy fog settled over everything, and our whole herd started grazing off the bed ground.

It got so dark that I couldn't see a thing, but I could hear the cattle grazing and I knew that they were scattering all over the prairie. I don't know if old Dick could see anything or not, but he knew what to do and kept working back and forth in front of the drifting herd, doing his level best to hold it near the bed ground.

The other guard and I were out in the fog all night. We didn't want to risk leaving the herd long enough to get help, as there was danger we might lose it altogether in the soupy fog. I didn't even *see* the other guard that night, but he was out there all the time, the same as I was, trying to hold the herd. All I could do was let old Dick go ahead and do what he could on his own.

At daylight the fog was still so thick that I couldn't see more than a rod or so away. The cattle were scattered all over the country and I wasn't making any headway, trying to round them up again. Anyway, I didn't know where I was going, or one direction from another.

I was just sort of drifting along after the herd, trying to bunch it up a little, when I heard a horse coming toward me, sometime after daylight. When he got close enough I could see the rider was John Hewitt, from the wagon behind us.

John sure laughed when he found me drifting my herd *south*. He began joshing me about taking my cattle in the wrong direction, then said the fog had been light back down the trail where he had camped, so he had started his herd early and come on ahead of it.

I was sure glad to see him, for I needed help. Both of us were trying to head the herd back where it belonged when Bud and the boys came riding down the trail, looking for us. They'd had breakfast but were still riding their night horses as the wrangler hadn't been able to find the cavvy in the heavy fog.

We managed to get the herd together and headed back toward camp. They must have been scattered a mile wide over quite a stretch of trail. That's the only time I ever knew a herd to get up and graze off the bed ground in the middle of the night. Something in the feel of the damp, foggy air must've made them think it was morning, so they just got up and started their day.

In good time we came to Lusk, Wyoming, which was then called Silver Cliff. At that time the town was at the west end of the butte, and all four of our outfits stopped there to load their wagons with fresh stocks of grub. A few days later we reached the end of the trail and turned our herds loose on Paxton's new range.

Just before our wagon was ready to start back to Nebraska a man rode into camp with orders for Bud's outfit to go over on Porcupine Creek, where the OU wagon was holding a herd of cattle to tally out to the Ogallala outfit. We met the OU wagon and cut out about 900 head of steers, four years old and up, to bring back to Lusk, where we were to load them out for Chicago.

The third day on the trail with this herd we came to some mean, rough country, and that night we had to put our herd on a bed ground that another herd had recently used. That was a poor thing to do; the smell of the first herd made our big steers uneasy, but the country was so rough that there wasn't any other place to bed the herd.

Those steers were wild and fat, and seemed restless and uneasy; they were hard to bed down as night came on. I stood my guard and came in at midnight to call the relief. After I'd called them I staked old Dick and started for my bed.

One of the fellows going out got on his horse and started for the herd,

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then his horse stumbled and his saddle squeaked; that was all it took to make the whole herd jump the bed ground as one critter, and the ground shook with their going. That was my first stampede, and the worst one I ever saw in my life.

I ran back to old Dick, and he came to meet me, at least as far as his picket rope would let him. That wise old horse knew what had happened, and by the time I'd bridled him and could get in the saddle he was going for the herd as hard as he could run, following the steers by the racket they made.

It was a terrible night and place for a stampede, pitch dark, cold and windy, and the country so rough and rocky. Pretty soon I could tell that old Dick had caught up with a big bunch of the steers. We followed them quite a way, on a dead run. By the sound of things we seemed to be getting ahead of them when old Dick suddenly stopped dead still and let the whole bunch go by him. As soon as they were ahead of him he tore out after them again. We overtook the steers and nearly headed them off a second time, then old Dick braced his feet and stopped in his tracks again. We did that many times on that hard night run. I didn't know why my horse always stopped just as he was about to get ahead of the steers, but I left it up to him. All I could do was hang on and hope he didn't fall down.

Finally, we seemed to come onto level ground and the steers slowed. We seemed to be in a sort of little park in the hills where I could ride around the steers until they quieted down. I judged I had between two and three hundred head, and I thought old Dick and I had done pretty well to hold that many. After a while the steers settled down, so I rode around behind a rock, out of the cold wind.

I was about frozen, and pretty well tired out by then, so I got off my horse and sat down with my back against the rock. I began to get sleepy, but the next thing I knew old Dick was punching me with his nose, rooting me awake in a pretty rough way. I knew right away something was wrong. I jumped on old Dick and he was on the run before I was set in my saddle.

While I was napping the steers had begun to drift out of the little park. Old Dick knew they were gone, and which way they went, and that we ought to be going after them. By daylight we'd caught up with over eighty head of them, and old Dick was played out.

I didn't know where I was, which direction was which, or how far it was to camp. Old Dick was too used up to drive the steers anywhere, so I just drifted them along to a box canyon and left them there. I let old Dick have his head and he took me to camp.

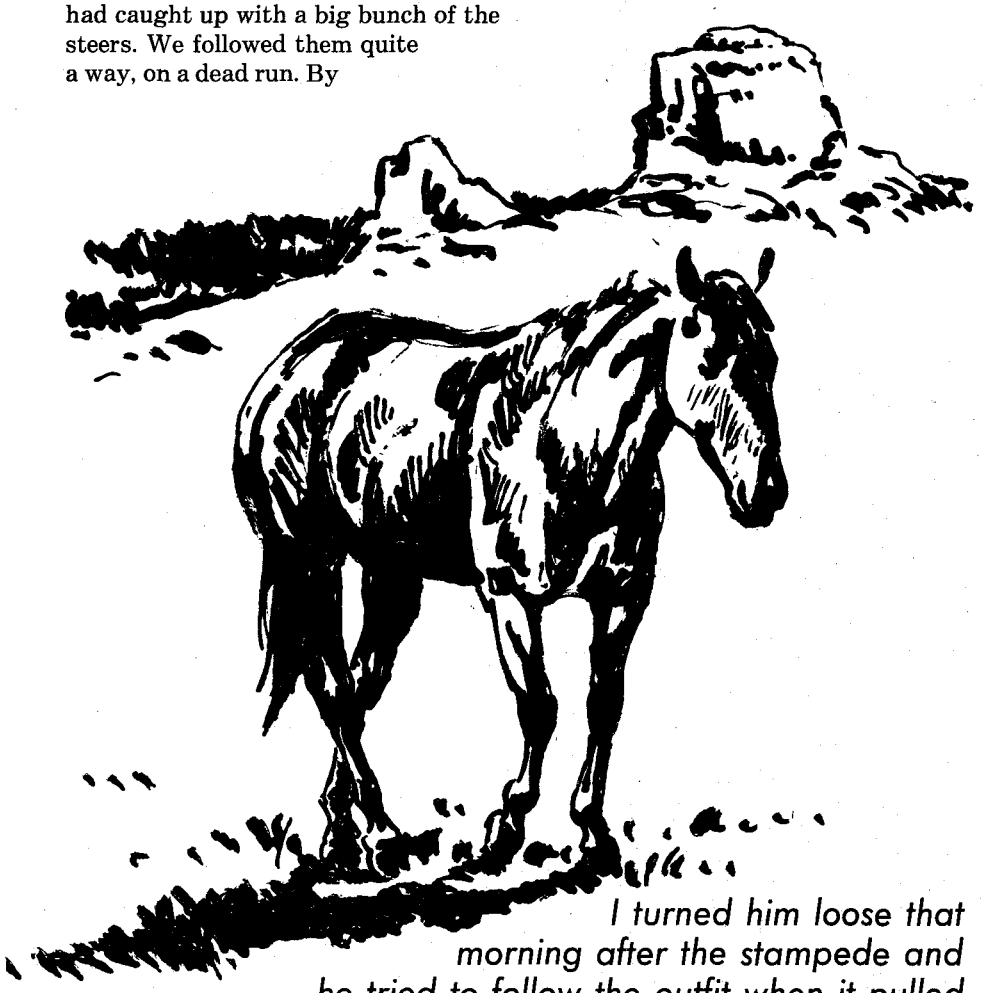
The rest of the outfit had gathered about 600 head of the steers by the time I pulled in. I told Bud what I'd done, and he told me to stay at camp and get something to eat while he backtracked me and got the bunch I'd left in the canyon. When Bud got back he said to me, "Kid, if you hadn't had the best night horse there is you would've gone over a bank and broke your neck. If you'd ride back over the trail you rode last night your hair would turn white."

My bunch of steers had followed a high hogback with deep canyons cutting into it from both sides. On the wider places old Dick would almost get ahead of the stampeding steers but he'd have to stop at the narrow places to keep from being pushed over the rim. How he knew those cut banks were there, dark as it was, and as fast as he was running, I'll never know.

We stayed there a day or two, gathering scattered steers back into the herd. They were wild and scared after their big run, and some were on the fight. Bill Hanger's outfit, coming down the trail behind us, saw the signs of the stampede and kept coming until they overtook us. His crew was a big help to us from there on to Lusk, as we could double the guard and stand nine men each half of the night. That way, we could keep riding around the herd and manage to hold it on the bed ground all night.

Those steers never did quiet down before we loaded them out for Chicago a few days later. They were the gauntest, toughest looking beef I ever saw loaded on a cattle train.

Poor old Dick was so played out from that terrible night's ride that I never rode him again. I turned him loose that morning after the stampede and he tried to follow the outfit when it pulled out a couple of days later, but he couldn't keep up. He'd catch up to us as we were pulling out from camp of a morning but he'd drop behind as we strung out on the trail. Finally he didn't catch up any more.



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The Tough Little Ranger of Lost Valley

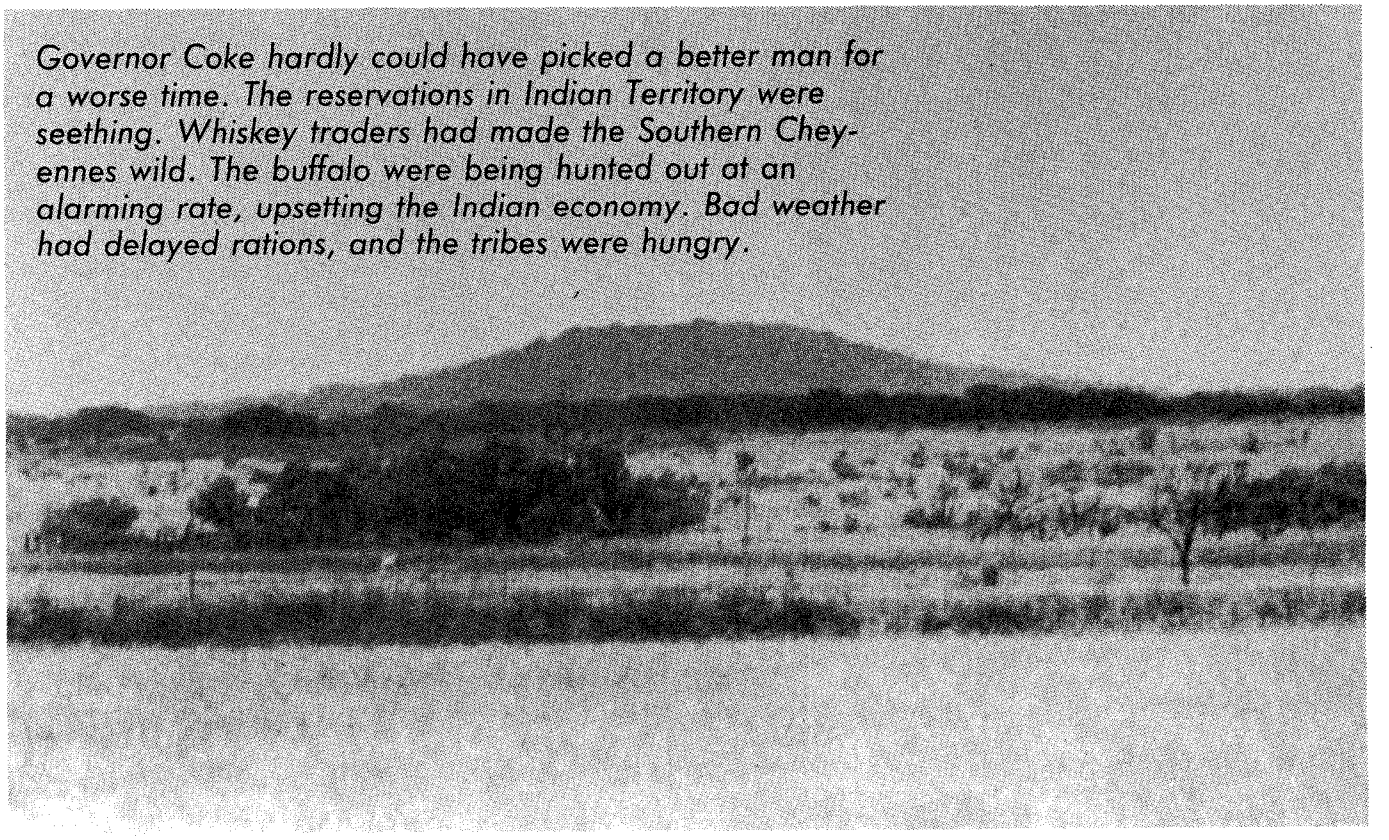
By CHARLES M. ROBINSON, III

Films, television, and their own reputation have given the Texas Rangers a tough, larger-than-life image. But the greatest Ranger of all stood only five feet, eight inches, weighed about 135 pounds, and generally wore a black suit, white linen shirt, and bow tie. He was Maj. John B. Jones, commander of the Frontier Battalion. Walter Prescott Webb summed up this remarkable little man in his definitive history, *The Texas Rangers*: "Major Jones differed from all other commanders of the Texas Rangers in that he had a broad conception of his duty to guard the whole frontier from Red River to the Nueces. His point of view was that of a commanding general rather than that of a captain. In this he differed from McNelly, Ford, McCulloch, and even from Jack Hays; these were captains only, but Jones was a general."

Ranger James B. Gillett, who served under him, commented, "Major Jones was a very able commander, and he quickly won the confidence of his men and the people along the border he was sent to protect."

John B. Jones was born in the Fairfield District of South Carolina on December 22, 1834. His family came to Texas, and ultimately settled in Navarro County, near Corsicana. He began his education in Texas schools, and completed it at Mount Zion College in Winnsboro, South Carolina. When the War Between the States broke out, he enlisted in Terry's Texas Rangers, soon became adjutant of the Fifteenth Texas Infantry, and finished his service as a captain. When the war ended, a group of unreconstructed Confederates considered immigrating to Brazil, and sent Jones to look the country over. He was unimpressed with what he saw, and upon his return, convinced them to stay in Texas and stick it out.

Governor Coke hardly could have picked a better man for a worse time. The reservations in Indian Territory were seething. Whiskey traders had made the Southern Cheyennes wild. The buffalo were being hunted out at an alarming rate, upsetting the Indian economy. Bad weather had delayed rations, and the tribes were hungry.



Author's Photo

Salt Creek Prairie, where the fight began, has changed little over the years. This view is from the site of the Warren Wagon Train Massacre of 1871, about which the Kiowas were reminiscing when they spotted the Rangers.

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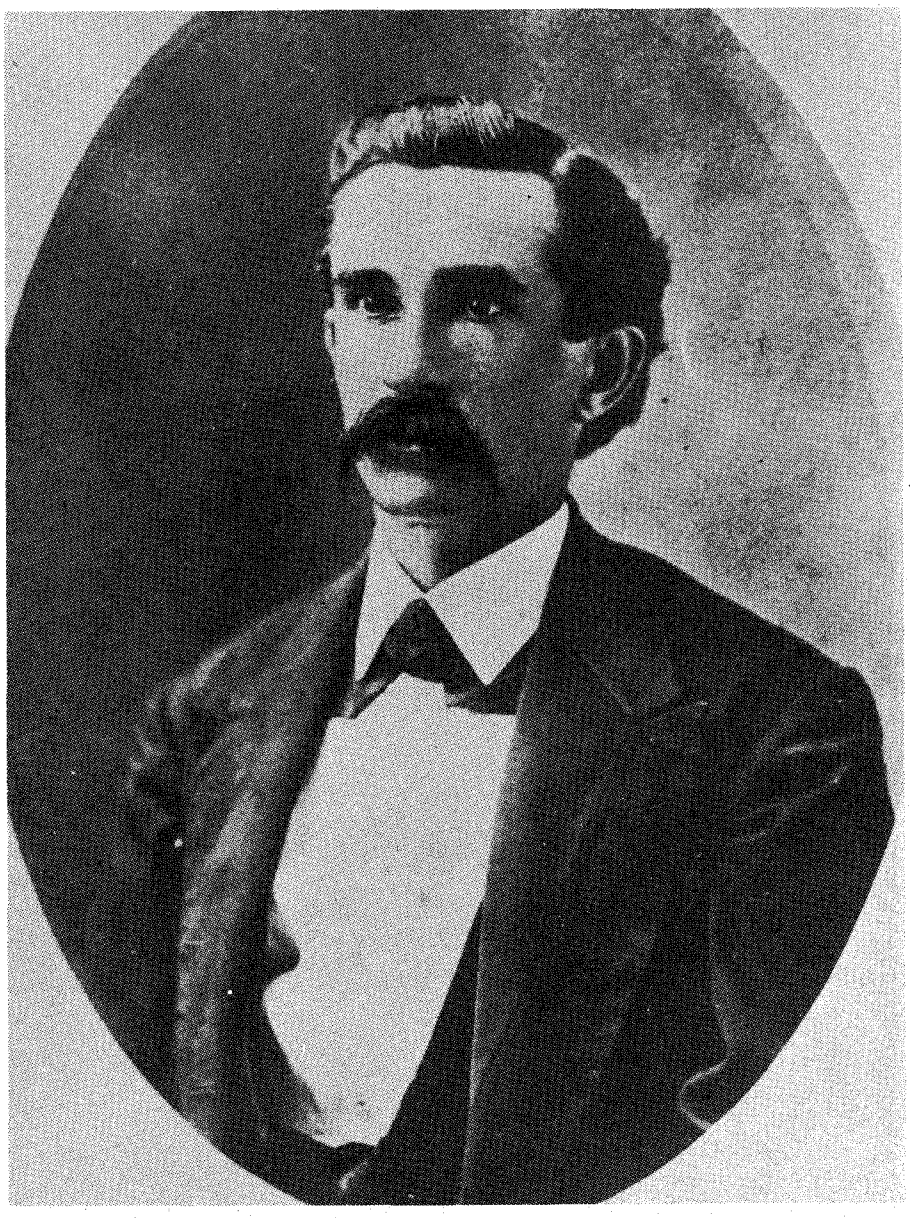
The Ranger Force was disbanded under Reconstruction and replaced by the state police, whose primary job was to enforce the edicts of the Union occupation forces. Such "rangers" as existed during that period were primarily local militia which operated under close supervision of the military for defense of their particular area. But when Reconstruction ended, the state once again took steps for a coordinated defense of the frontier. A new battalion of Rangers was authorized, composed of six companies of seventy-five men each. It was designated the Frontier Battalion and would be commanded by a major, who was responsible to the adjutant general and the governor. Each company would have a captain and two lieutenants.

On May 2, 1874, Gov. Richard Coke appointed Jones as major of the battalion. Jones was thirty-nine years old at the time. An active Mason, he would eventually become grand master of Texas. He had a ranch near Frost, where he raised blooded horses, and a reputation as a superb horseman. He neither smoked nor drank, but his service with the Rangers ultimately addicted him to coffee, which he used in lieu of the foul water found on the plains.

Coke hardly could have picked a better man for a worse time. The reservations in Indian Territory were seething. Whiskey traders had made the Southern Cheyennes wild. The buffalo were being hunted out at an alarming rate, upsetting the whole basis of the Indian economy. Bad weather had delayed rations, and the tribes were hungry. Surveying teams on the Kiowa-Comanche reserve alarmed the superstitious Kiowas, who saw nothing but evil in transits and measuring rods. A few weeks after Jones took command, a large body of hostile Indians attacked the buffalo-hide-trading center of Adobe Walls. That launched a general rising which later became known as the Red River War.

The larger actions of the war involved federal troops. But Rangers had their share of fights with individual bands of raiders who crossed the Red River into Texas. As Ranger Gillett noted, "During the first six months of service nearly every company in the battalion had an Indian fight, and some of them two or three." One was the fight at Lost Valley.

Jones was involved in that fight mainly by accident. Not content to sit behind a desk in Austin, he spent most of his time in the field, traveling from one Ranger camp to another, escorted by twenty or thirty men and a supply wagon. That way he could keep track of his units, move them where they were needed, maintain discipline, and keep them supplied. He started in Kerrville, in June 1874, then headed for Mason County. On July 10, he was in Young County, where Capt. G.W. Stevens' company was camped twelve miles above old Fort Belknap.



Texas State Archives

Maj. John B. Jones was a small man, who was almost always neatly dressed. But he was a tough leader, spending much of his time in the field and arranging his companies like a general deploying an army.

That same day, a hostile band of Kiowas was holding council in Indian Territory. The war chief Lone Wolf's favorite son had been killed on a raid into Texas, and the father burned for revenge. Initially Lone Wolf failed to attract a following. However, the powerful medicine man Maman-ti had offered to lead a vengeance raid. Maman-ti was respected and popular. His predictions seemed to be invariably right. He had led two successful raids into Young County in 1871. The first, in January, resulted in the murder of a group of black teamsters. The second, in May 1871, had been the notorious Warren Wagon Train Massacre. Both had occurred on the Salt Creek Prairie, in Young County, on the road between Fort Belknap and Fort Richardson.

Now, three years later, Maman-ti retired to his lodge to consult the oracles on Lone Wolf's vengeance raid. When he emerged, he announced, "The revenge raid will be a success. At least one enemy will be killed. None of us will die." The men let out a whoop. Then Maman-ti ordered, "Everybody saddle up now. Don't wait until morning! Everybody must go!"

The raiding party left about midnight.

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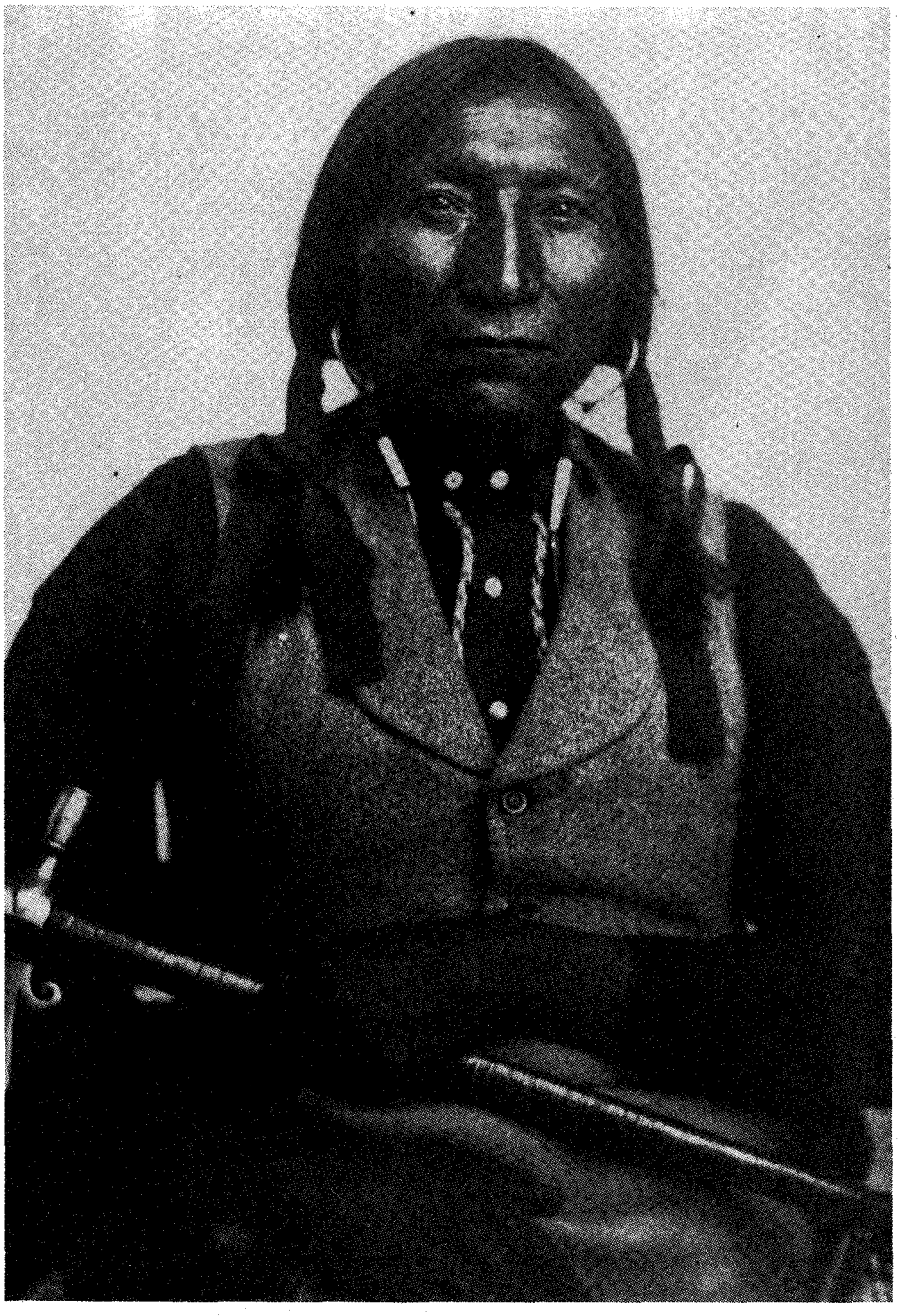

Oklahoma Historical Society

The Kiowa Chief Lone Wolf organized the raid into Texas to avenge the loss of his son.

Riding hard, they were well into Texas by the end of the following day. They stopped to camp, while Maman-ti consulted his oracles again. He announced that the fight would occur on the following day, and that one, maybe two of the enemy would die.

As the Indians rode south, Jones moved Stevens' camp to Salt Creek, where the grass and water were better. Unknowingly, he had put his Rangers on a collision course with the raiders. The following day, July 12, he sent out a Lieutenant Wilson from his escort, with a four-man scouting party. Wilson came across the trail of the Kiowas, heading southeast. He sent one of the men back to inform Jones, then waited.

Meanwhile, the Kiowas had painted themselves for war, in anticipation of the fight Maman-ti had promised. That done, they broke camp and headed out on the Salt Creek Prairie. Several of the warriors had been with Maman-ti on the Warren raid, and remembered the spot. They rode up a nearby hill, where they visited the grave of a Comanche who had been killed in that raid. Then they stopped to eat and rest. Suddenly one of the Indians noticed four cowboys from the Loving Ranch. They began to chase them, but by then their mounts were exhausted and the hooves were bleeding. When they came to a rocky outcropping, Maman-ti ordered a halt. They found some cattle nearby and killed several calves to get the hides for horse shoes.

Some of the warriors were growing uneasy. Even today, the Salt Creek Prairie is a lonely, desolate place, and it frightened them. Finally, Lone Wolf had enough of it.

"Don't be scared," he ordered. "If any Texans come and chase us, don't be afraid. Be brave. Let's try to kill some of them. That's what we came here for."

As the Kiowas argued, Jones was following the trail, accompanied by Stevens, Wilson and thirty-three men. On the way, they passed the marker which a group of soldiers had erected over the graves of the Warren massacre victims.

"WE FOUND the trail quite fresh, indicating about fifty Indians," he reported, "and followed it rapidly over an open prairie for fifteen miles when it entered the mountains just below the road and about half way between Jacksboro and Belknap, continuing the same course, they passed over a rough and very rocky mountain, from the top of which they could see back in the direction from which we were coming, some seven or eight miles, and doubtless saw us pursuing them."

Jones was correct. While Lone Wolf was haranguing the warriors, one of them saw the glint of sunlight on a rifle barrel, and sounded the alarm. The Indians rode along the ridge to get a better view. These whites were well armed, and were obviously following them. Maman-ti surmised that the Rangers had already seen them. He ordered the warriors to hide themselves on the hillside and be ready to charge from the side and rear. Meanwhile, he and one other rode down to act as bait.

From that point on, accounts differ. One of the raiders, Hunting Horse, later told Col. W.W. Nye that Maman-ti and the other warrior rode into the valley, dismounted and led their mounts as if they were too tired to be ridden. The Rangers came after them, straight into the ambush. The Texans were forced north toward Cameron Creek, where they rallied as the Kiowas encircled them. Ranger Walter M. Robertson did not remember a decoy, but admitted the Rangers had ridden into a trap.

Jones was less inclined to admit an ambush. His report states, "They descended on the south side, very rapidly then at a gallop doubled on us

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going around the west end of the mountain ridge, crossed over trail, having made a complete circle, and took a course N.E. in the direction of Lost Valley, crossed a rough mountain ridge, and as they descended into lost valley scattered in a rough rocky place, and we lost their trail being at the time in a gallop, and expecting to see them when we entered the open valley."

Here, Jones contended Lone Wolf and Maman-ti's party met with a second group of raiders. Against the combined Indian forces, the Rangers lost the initiative and were forced to fall back. Hunting Horse does not mention this second force, nor does Robertson. It could be that Jones, still new to his command, was trying to save face by not admitting that he had fallen into a trap.

Be that as it may, it is generally acknowledged that the major's coolness saved the unit from complete massacre. With the Indians surrounding them, Stevens said, "Major, we will have to get to cover somewhere or all be killed."

Jones ordered a charge straight through the Indians' thickest point, where they least expected it. The hostile line broke, and in fact, the Kiowas fell back in confusion. Most of the Rangers took cover in some rocks and timber. But some came too close to the Indians, who by then realized they still had the advantage and turned on them. Ranger Lee Corn's arm was broken near the shoulder. He managed to crawl into the brush and hide. Another Ranger named Wheeler stayed with him and bandaged his wound.

William A. Glass was shot off his horse and fell, badly wounded, between the two lines. No one stopped to see if he was still alive. Ranger George Moore received a severe flesh wound in his leg. Several Rangers had been unhorsed in the charge, and by the time the group reached cover an initial headcount showed only twenty-eight.

Fortune was with the Rangers from the very fact that it was a vengeance raid, undertaken to even the score for Lone Wolf's son and another Kiowa warrior who had died with him. This meant that the Kiowas had to collect two scalps or count two coups against an enemy by physically touching him, then return home without suffering any losses of their own. So they kept their distance to avoid any unnecessary risks. Had it been a plain robbing raid, they doubtless would have charged, and the Rangers would have been overwhelmed.

Still, Jones and his men were far from safe. They were completely cut off from water, and the Indians had settled down for a siege. Out in no man's land between the two lines, the wounded Billy

Some of the warriors were growing uneasy. Even today, the Salt Creek Prairie is a lonely, desolate place, and it frightened them. Finally, Lone Wolf had enough of it. "Don't be scared," he ordered. "If any Texans come and chase us, don't be afraid. Be brave. Let's try to kill some of them. That's what we came here for."

Author's Photo

The wounded Rangers were taken to the post hospital at Fort Richardson. The restored hospital building is now part of Fort Richardson State Historical Park in Jacksboro.

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Glass was conscious, and ran a very real risk of being taken by the Indians. If that happened, his death would be hideous. Before long, Kiowas started slipping out toward him.

"My God!" he shouted. "Don't let them get me. Won't some of you fellows help?" The Rangers opened fire, while three of them dashed out and brought him in. Jones was now aware that the Indians were coming up from the rear. To cover that approach, he took Robertson and Ranger William W. Lewis about 150 yards up to a ridge which was bare except for a lone oak tree about two feet in diameter.

Out in no man's land between the two lines, the wounded Billy Glass was conscious, and ran a very real risk of being taken by the Indians. If that happened, his death would be hideous. Before long, Kiowas started slipping out toward him. "My God!" he shouted. "Don't let them get me."

"Boys, stay here until they get you or until the fight is over," he ordered.

Robertson and Lewis both survived to be old men. But when the fight ended, the tree was completely stripped of bark and some of the limbs had been knocked off by Indian gunfire.

During a lull in the fighting, Lieutenant Wilson made his way up to see how Robertson and Lewis were getting along. By the time Wilson reached the men, he was swearing a blue streak at the Indians.

"Lieutenant," Lewis cautioned, "you ought not to swear like that. Don't you know you might be killed at any minute?"

"That is so, boys," he replied, and quieted at the thought of meeting his Maker with profanity on his lips. As he sat fanning himself with his hat, a shot rang out. It broke a branch off the oak tree; it fell on Wilson's bare head. He put his hand on his head and brought it down with blood on it. "By God, boys, I'm shot, sure as hell."

He made his way back down to the others, convinced he was shot until the surgeon attached to Jones' escort told him otherwise.

The day was growing shorter. Each time an Indian had tried to count coup on a fallen Ranger, heavy gunfire had driven him back. They were beginning to despair of achieving their revenge. Now, Maman-ti had another plan. The Rangers had been pinned down under the hot July sun without water for several hours. The Kiowas would act as if they had withdrawn. Then, when the Rangers came out for water, they would attack.

In the Ranger position, Jones had forbidden any attempt to get to the stream as being suicidal. But the wounded were crying for water. It was more than Ranger Mel Porter could stand.

"I'm going for water, if I get killed," he announced.

"And I'm going with you," David Bailey replied.

They mounted and galloped to the creek. Bailey sat on his horse and covered Porter, who filled the canteens. Suddenly the others saw about twenty-five Indians riding toward them. They opened fire and attempted to warn Bailey and Porter. The two men were separated. Porter rode off into the distance with two Indians after him. The warrior Tahbone-ma got close enough to grab him. He broke free, jumped off his horse and dived into the creek. He swam under water for some distance. Meanwhile, Tahbone-mah and the other Kiowa were driven off by gunfire from Corn and Wheeler, who were hidden in the brush. Porter surfaced and was nearly killed by the other two Rangers before they recognized him. He climbed out and hid with them. Elsewhere, Bailey was surrounded and cut to pieces.

Tahbone-ma had made coup against Porter by grabbing him, and Bailey was a confirmed kill. Lone Wolf was satisfied. He chopped Bailey's head to pieces with a brass hatchet-pipe, then disembowled him. The others shot arrows into the body or jabbed it with lances. Although Dohauson the Younger had unhorsed Bailey with a lance thrust, the young warrior Mamaday-te received honors for the coup. He had reached out and touched the Ranger while he was still alive with plenty of fight in him. For that, Lone Wolf had a special honor. Henceforth, Mamaday-te would be known as Young Lone Wolf. The Kiowas sang their victory song and headed for home.

After dark, two Rangers were sent to Jacksboro to bring troops from Fort Richardson. They met no opposition where they thought the Indians would be. In fact, it soon became obvious to the Rangers still in Lost Valley that the Kiowas were no longer around.

Billy Glass had died. His companions tied him to a horse and took him to Loving's ranch for burial. The next day, Jones returned to the scene, where he found Lee Corn, Porter, and Wheeler still hidden in the brush. Corn and George Moore were taken to the hospital at Fort Richardson. He also found Dave Bailey, who he said "was scalped, his body mutilated in a horrible manner, and shot full of arrows." He was buried on the spot. A company of cavalry had arrived at daybreak, in response to the messages to Fort Richardson. They searched the area but found the Kiowas had scattered "without making a trail." The lieutenant in charge wanted to hunt the Indians down, but with nothing to work from, he headed back to the post.

Once everyone was assembled and accounted for, the Ranger losses were listed as two men killed and two wounded. Thirteen horses were killed or badly wounded, and two were slightly wounded. The Indians never acknowledged any losses on the raid, maintaining they had gained their revenge, but the Rangers were certain they had seen nine Indians fall early in the fight. Several years later, a surveying party in Lost Valley found fourteen Indians' graves which were attributed to the day.

On May 8, 1875, Jones had another fight in Lost Valley. This time, the Rangers were on the offensive. They overtook a party which had raided Loving's ranch, and in a running fight, five hostiles were killed, without any losses to the Rangers. Oddly enough, one of the dead Indians was a woman, who Jones said "handled her six-shooter quite as dexterously as did the bucks."

Jones continued his career as commander of the Frontier Battalion until his death in 1881. When the Indian troubles ended, he turned his attention to outlaws. His last major field role was hunting down Sam Bass. Although he was the Rangers' premiere Indian fighter, he was no more successful at handling outlaws than, say, Ford McNelly, or McCulloch. Still, his name held a unique power on the frontier, and word that Major Jones might come was enough to calm nervous citizens. With his death, the senior captains resigned. The frontier itself was ending, and the need for the Frontier Battlion was over. The fact that it lingered on—officially, at least—a while longer did not really matter.

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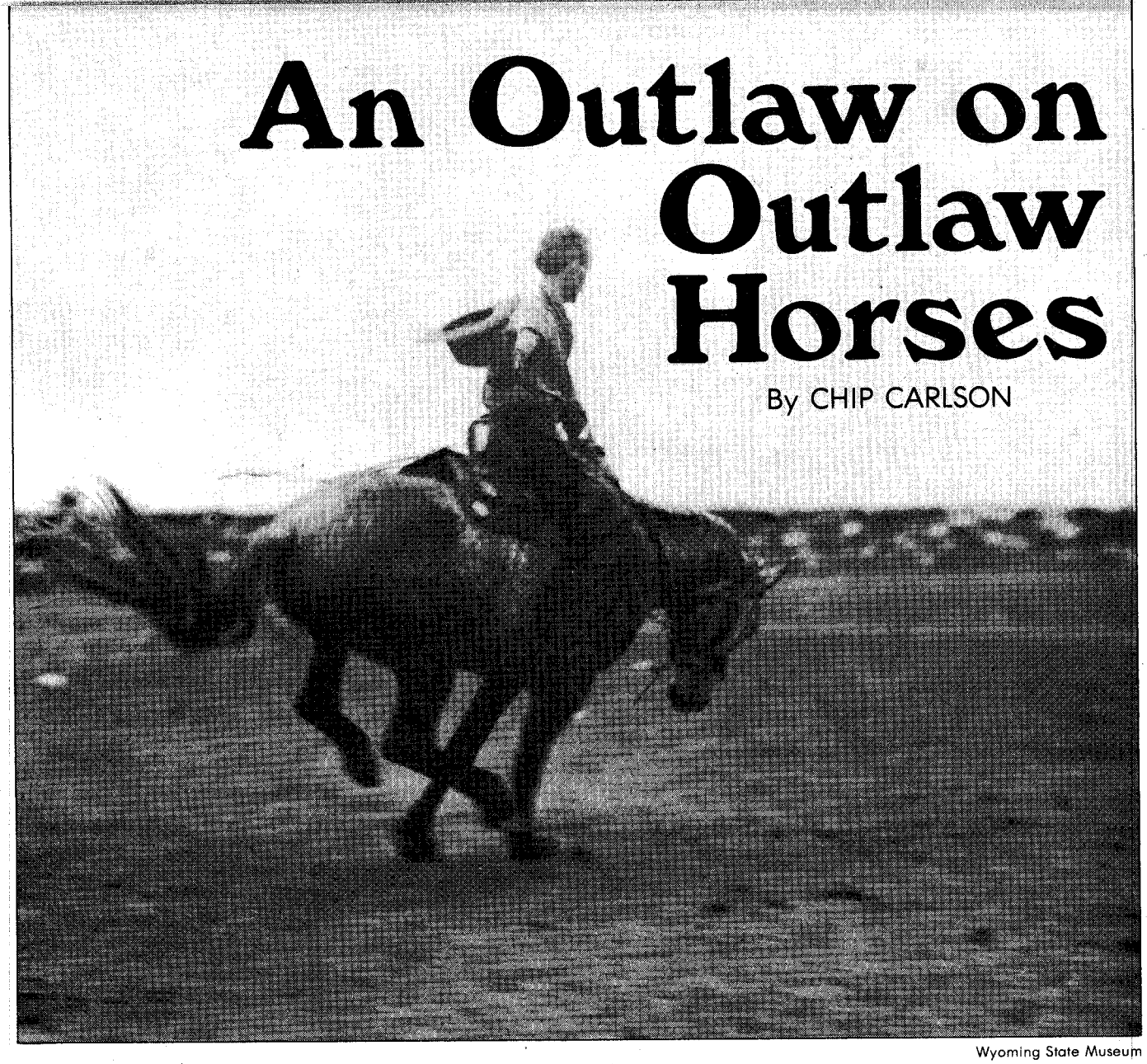
An Outlaw on Outlaw Horses

By CHIP CARLSON



Wyoming State Museum

Dick Stanley on High Tower in 1908.

Many legendary rodeo champions have competed at Cheyenne Frontier Days, but there were outlaws in the competition as well. The most notorious was Tom Horn, whose conviction and execution for the 1901 murder of fourteen-year-old Willie Nickell marked the last legal hanging in Laramie County, Wyoming. Lesser-known figures in the Tom Horn episode, such as Otto Plaga and Frank Stone, had brushes with the law and were competitors in Cheyenne. But the most colorful of all was Earl Shobe, alias Dick Stanley.

Shobe had a reputation as both a Wyoming rodeo competitor and outlaw. J. Elmer Brock, who first employed Shobe in 1902, described him in Margaret Brock Hanson's *Powder River Country*. "Among the early-day badmen I remember vividly was one Earl Shobe, who, after his escapades as a Wyoming outlaw, continued his career as a wild west rider under the alias of 'Dick Stanley.' A fairly small man with a thin face and a sandy complexion, Shobe was a cheerful, happy-go-lucky individual, quick as a cat, lithe, and tough as a strip of rawhide. Although to my knowledge he was never legally punished for his crimes against society, I believe that he definitely accounted for several deaths by shooting, a post office robbery, considerable traffic in stolen horses, and numerous other infringements of the law."

In the spring of 1902, Shobe arrived at Brock's Laurel Leaf Ranch south of Buffalo on the North Fork of Powder River. Two men, Shobe's brother using the name John Frederick and another identified only as a tall, rough Oklahoman who carried a gun, knife, and brass knuckles, accompanied him.

Shobe claimed he had been a bronc rider with Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show in the East. There was considerable evidence that he was a showman, since he outfitted himself with outrageous cowboy regalia, including oversized chaps and a pair of old, Frontier model pearl-handled .44 Remington revolvers with eight-inch barrels.

Brock put the threesome to work. He hired Frederick, who in fact was Shobe's brother, and the Oklahoman as ranch hands, and Shobe as a rider and horse-breaker.

Soon Shobe was entertaining the hands around the ranch with bucking exhibitions and rope tricks. Brock noted that the new hand was "one of the fan-

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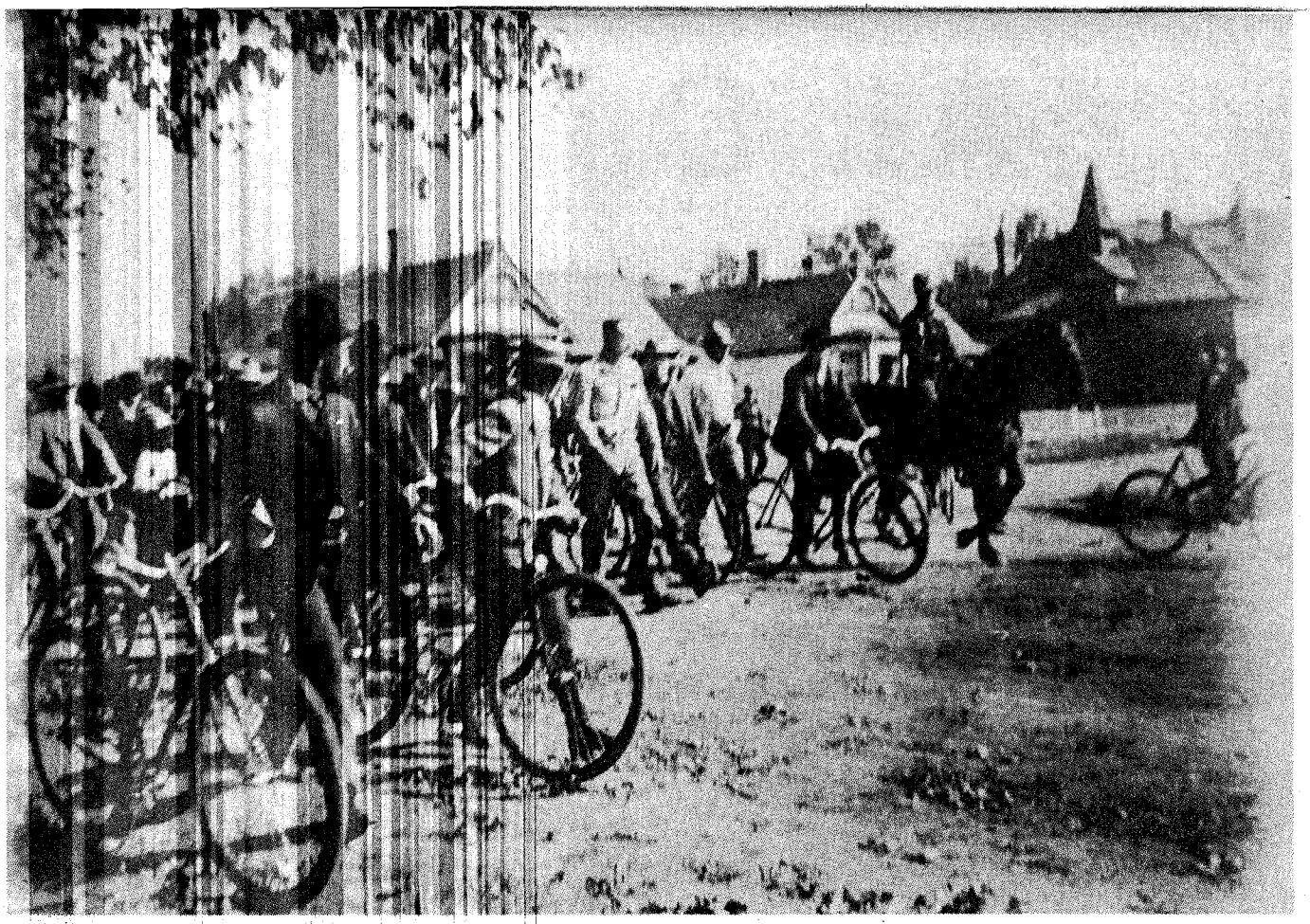

Wyoming State Museum

Tom Horn (tall man, center, without hat) is marched back to the Laramie County jail after an unsuccessful escape attempt.

ciest rope spinners I ever saw, "but he couldn't rope his own saddle horse, much less get the loop over a calf's neck out on the open range in half a day."

Shobe's love of renegade horses quickly dispelled any doubts about his heart and guts. Every one of Brock's worst horses eventually threw him into the dirt, and worse, into fences. But the meaner the horse, the better Shobe liked him, and eventually he mastered every mount. There was no lack of rough stock to practice with, as his employer had a number of spoiled horses that British army buyers had previously rejected.

Brock made it a point to tell his new horse breaker that he was restricted to those animals, but that fall he got hold of a good saddle horse and needlessly ruined him. For that, Brock fired him, but Shobe evidently welcomed the decision and showed no resentment. He candidly told his boss the work was too hard anyway, and then broached a proposal for a more lucrative and easier way to earn a living.

Shobe suggested that he and Brock go into a bank- and train-robbing partnership. Brock, of course, rejected the offer, commenting that he never had known any such outlaw who lived long enough to make it worthwhile. Showing no hard feelings. Shobe disappeared from the ranch but not from the Big Horn country.

In the spring of 1903 Shobe teamed up with Tom O'Day, Ion Smith, and Jim McCloud. O'Day, a sometime member of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang, had contributed to the botching of the Butte County Bank robbery in Belle Fourche on June 28, 1897. He had narrowly escaped a lynch mob after that caper, and now freed, he had moved back to safer country near the Hole-in-the-Wall. Smith was delivering stolen horses to Shobe and O'Day, who then ran the horses over to the Big Horn Basin, where they disposed of them to accomplices who sold the horses in Utah and Idaho.

Jim McCloud had moved into the country after two brushes with the law. In 1896, at age seventeen, he had been imprisoned at Leavenworth for his participation in a Ulysses, Kansas, post office burglary. McCloud escaped from the prison hospital on May 11, 1897.

He surfaced next in Douglas, Wyoming. The night of September 8, 1898, he and Edward Mewis robbed the safe at a local saloon. Authorities caught them both. Mewis was sentenced to a year at the state penitentiary in Laramie, and McCloud received a four-year term because of his greater contribution to the crime. He was released March 5, 1902, having earned 205 days "good time."

He remained in Wyoming, adopted the moniker "Driftwood" Jim McCloud, and hung around Thermopolis and Buffalo. Less than a year later he formed the alliance with Earl Shobe, Ion Smith, and Tom O'Day.

McCloud and Shobe, killing time while waiting for Smith to arrive with a bunch of horses, borrowed a team and buggy from John Nolan, a well-known rancher who was suspected of working on both sides of the law. After hiding the buggy near the Powder River, they unhitched and mounted the horses, and headed for Buffalo.

The night of April 27, 1903, they burglarized the post office. The thieves, demonstrating McCloud's professionalism, blew the safe with a substantial amount of black powder. By wrapping the safe with wet bedding, they successfully muffled the explosion, even though the blast blew the doors ten feet away. They made good their escape, but

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the sack holding the money and stamps had a small hole that allowed an occasional coin, bill, or postage stamp to scatter behind them. A Kaycee mail stage driver found this trail and a posse followed it until they reached the place where the buggy had been concealed.

McCloud and Shobe outwitted the law temporarily by using unusual horseshoes. The "sharpshoes" were attached to the hooves of the animals with screw clamps, rather than with nails. The two men drove the shoed horses hitched to the buggy to its hiding place, then removed the shoes, and rode barehoofed into Buffalo. Consequently, the authorities lost the trail of the outlaws after they reached the place where the buggy was concealed; evidently they did not realize the men had replaced the shoes on the animals to make their getaway. Later, a number of the unique shoes were found at a ranch Shobe and O'Day frequented.

McCloud was captured and transported to the Laramie County jail in Cheyenne. One of his jailmates was none other than Tom Horn, who was awaiting appeal following his conviction for Willie Nickell's murder.

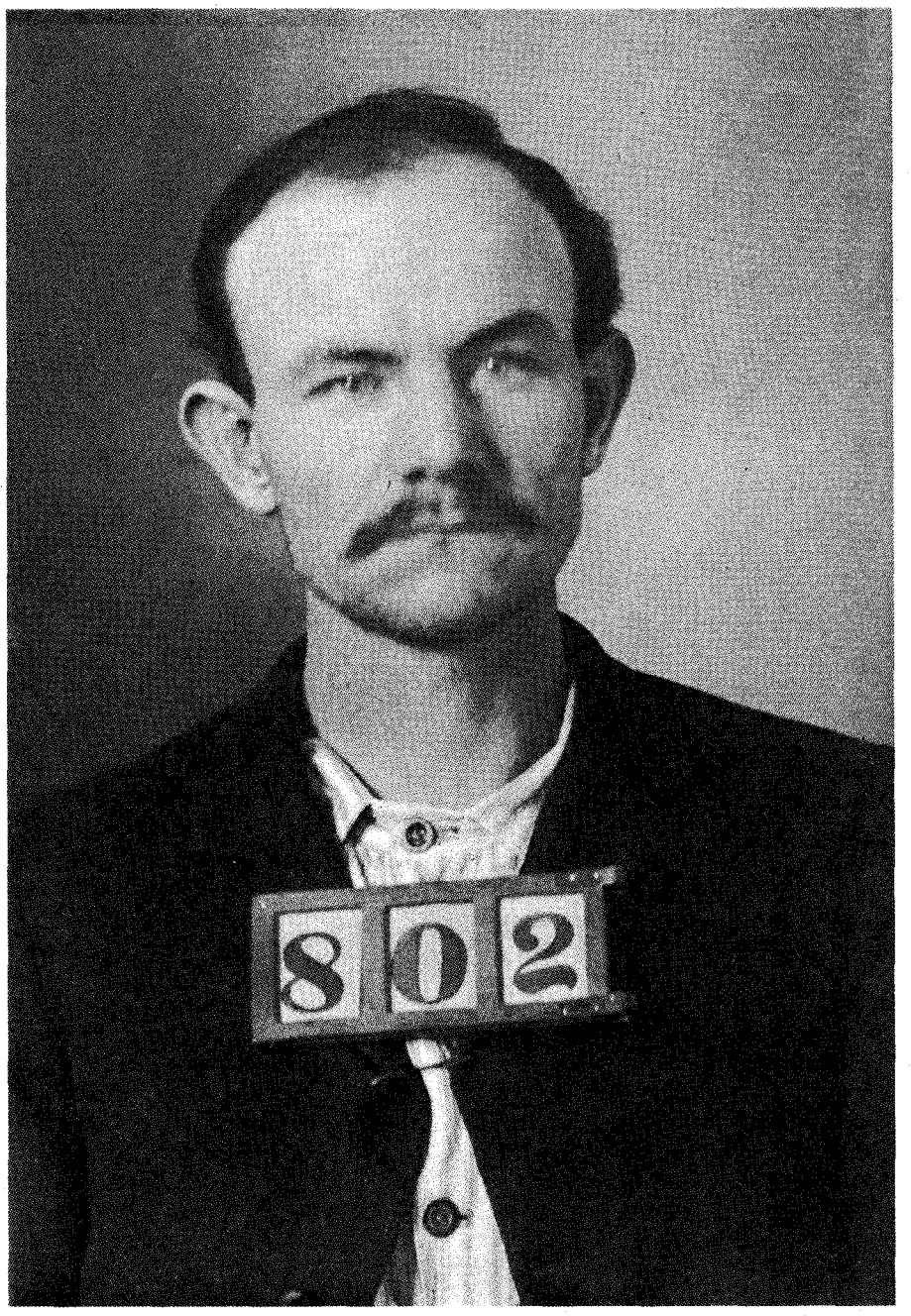
McCloud and Horn concocted a plot to escape from the old jail. McCloud feigned a stomach ailment for several days, for which he was to take medicine in warm water twice daily.

On Sunday morning, August 9, 1903, Deputy Sheriff Dick Proctor brought the medicine for McCloud. As Proctor opened their cell door, the two subdued him, then took him to Sheriff Ed Smalley's office in the courthouse, which joined the jail. There they found a loaded Winchester on top of an empty gun cabinet next to the door.

A second deputy, Les Snow, strolled into the courthouse, oblivious to what was happening. McCloud heard him and ran out into the hall with the Winchester. A startled Snow dashed out the front door, firing his rifle into the air.

McCloud fled to a stable. He attempted to lead a horse out, but E.A. Slack spotted him and fired at him. McCloud abandoned the horse and hid in a shed behind a home. A servant in the home saw him and warned her employers where he was. Within moments two men arrived. Although they could not see him, one shouted that he had spotted the escapee, and loudly asked if he could shoot him. That motivated McCloud to surrender, and he was led back to jail.

Proctor and Horn scuffled and in the short fight, Horn wrested a pistol from Proctor's hand. Proctor, however, had managed to slip the safety on the new model Browning automatic, with which Horn was unfamiliar. Horn dashed out of the building, but hearing the commotion centered on McCloud to the north, he turned south to 19th Street.



Wyoming State Museum

Wyoming state penitentiary photo of Jim McCloud.

The operator of a small merry-go-round on the south side of the street had awakened in his tent. Stepping outside, he saw the tall fugitive and fired a small-caliber pistol at him. When Horn turned to shoot the man, he was unable to operate the safety mechanism. He kept running, turning occasionally to attempt to fire at his pursuers, who eventually overpowered him.

His captors led him back to the jail where a lynch mob assembled, with Kels Nickell (Willie's father) at the forefront. Nickell berated the officials for lax discipline and carelessness, and was told to leave the area. Sheriff Smalley posted a beefed-up contingent of guards at the jail that night.

Horn was hanged the morning of November 20, 1903. McCloud pleaded guilty in the face of overwhelming government evidence. He was fined five dollars and sentenced to four years at hard labor in the new penitentiary in Rawlins. He was released on February 10, 1907; however, a federal guard from Leavenworth was awaiting him for his 1897 escape from that facility, and

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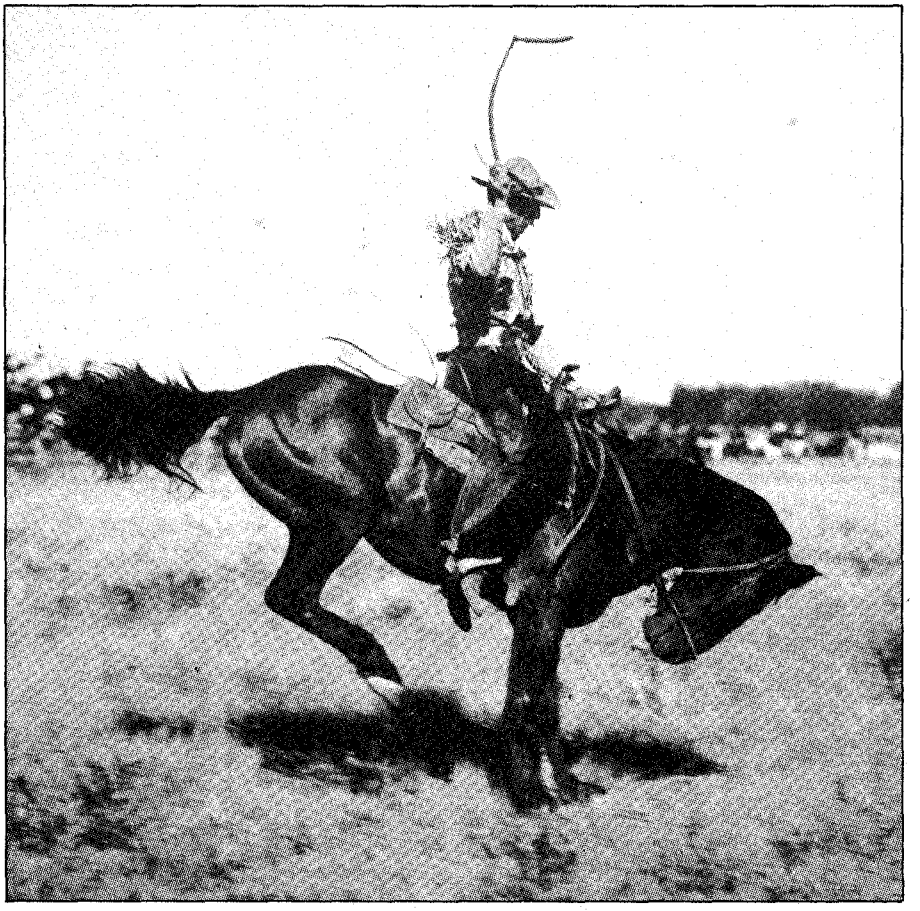

Wyoming State Museum

Old Steamboat gives it his best effort.

escorted him back to prison. He was released on July 12, 1912.

In the meantime and with the heat off temporarily, Earl Shobe returned to Kaycee, where he hung around with O'Day and Nolan. The latter two got in a saloon poker game one night with a professional gambler, a half-blood named "Indian Tom," who cleaned them out. When the gambler raked the last of the money from the table, Nolan and O'Day reached for their guns. They shot, intending only to scare their adversary out of town, and succeeded in splintering the doorjamb through which Tom escaped.

At the time, Shobe was sleeping off a drunk in the Grigg Hotel next door. Now aroused and in a bad mood, he vowed to avenge the loss of his partners' money. Swearing that he would kill the gambler, he boasted that he had already killed a policeman in Chicago before coming west and had murdered Ben Minnick, a sheepman in the Big Horn Basin, during a range war. His attitude was that one more killing wouldn't matter, but "Indian Tom" managed to escape.

Nolan, left with no money to gamble, sent a local to a shed on Nolan's ranch, where he got a bag from inside a twine box. The bag hid silver from the post office job; postage stamps, he reported, were scattered all over Nolan's corral.

When he arrived back in Kaycee, the gamblers dumped the coins on the gaming table. Blackened from the explosion, they had to be taken to the back and washed before the fun could resume.

Shobe then learned that the law was back on his trail. He hid out in Bear Trap Canyon until his brother, still using the name John Frederick, carelessly tipped their hands by riding an obviously spent horse past J. Elmer Brock on Brock's summer range. Frederick admitted the two were holed up in the canyon. Earl was arrested, but Frederick apparently was not.

Authorities had determined that Shobe was involved in the post office caper, and scheduled legal proceedings for him concurrent with McCloud's in the U.S. District Court in Cheyenne. A $5,000 bail was posted, but he jumped it and disappeared.

The Shobe brothers headed to the West Coast, where Earl adopted the alias of Dick Stanley. They established the Stanley Brothers Wild West Show, headquartered in Oregon, but none of that became known around Wyoming circles until many years later.

The Wild West Show provided a good cover for Earl Shobe/Dick Stanley for several years. Never losing his boldness, he appeared in Cheyenne in 1908 to challenge the incumbent bronc riding champion, Clayton Danks. Sporting a Buffalo Bill Cody goatee and wearing a fringed buckskin jacket, he escorted a girl on each arm. He introduced them as his sisters.

However prettied up he was, Shobe/Stanley was suffering physically. Though only twenty-eight years old, he had been badly broken up from fifteen years of riding renegade horses. He had had both legs broken, his knees knocked out of joint, and a shoulder and several ribs broken as well.

At the time, the Frontier Days judges tended to favor local cowboys for the prizes. Prizes for the top rider in 1908 were $75 in cash and the Union Pacific Champion's saddle, valued at $250.

In the first session of the bronc riding, Danks drew a renegade by the name of Dynamite. The Cheyenne *Daily Leader* reported, "Dynamite, a straightaway bucker, addicted to irregular sunfish and high-jumping tactics, gave the champion little trouble, and Danks rode straight up and scratching [spurring] as long as the horse desired to go." Stanley, the unrecognized visitor from the West, drew Fighting Sam. The newspaper stated that "Dick Stanley of Portland, Ore., made a good ride on Fighting Sam, and proved himself a rider worthy to contest with the Wyoming busters." Both Danks and Stanley advanced to the finals.

In the men's bronc-riding finals, Clayton Danks and Dick Stanley again faced each other in a showdown. Three other riders were eliminated in the preliminaries and the judges required two more rides of Danks and Stanley.

Danks first drew Old Steamboat, a renegade generally acknowledged to be the world's greatest bucking horse, but his ride was colorless, the reigning champion failing to spur the black horse to his best efforts. The *Leader*, while not giving the name of Stanley's mount, stated "Stanley rode a terrific bucker, and disdained to use the stirrups, a feat sufficiently spectacular to move the crowd to prolonged cheering and to make the daring cowboy a favorite."

In the final rides, Danks drew Red Bird, a fine outlaw horse. He rode him to perfection. However, his ride was no match for Dick Stanley on Old Steamboat. The little man from the West Coast scratched and spurred the outlaw horse from the first jump to the finish, again riding without stirrups. Unlike

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today's minimum eight-second ride, in those early days successful competitors rode their horses to a standstill. Stanley brought Steamboat to a standstill no less than four times, each time arousing the animal with kicks and scratches.

That Dick Stanley accomplished this feat while spurring the outlaw horse ranks him among Cheyenne's great competitors. No rider had ever managed to stay aboard the black animal while scratching and raking his sides. Finally, the newspaper reported, "the hitherto undefeated equine dropped his nose to the dust and for the first time acknowledged a master."

But the judges were still undecided, and announced that each man would ride again. Danks drew Young Steamboat, a bad bucker but no equal of his namesake, and stayed aboard until the end. Stanley drew Beaver, a hero of many rodeos. As he was climbing into the saddle, Beaver broke and jumped straight into the air before Stanley could get his right foot into the stirrup. That made little difference, because the "man of mystery" from Oregon drove his spurs into the horse and gave the crowd the spectacle of their lives.

After three hours of deliberation, the judges awarded the championship to Dick Stanley. The year marked the first time cowboys from other than Wyoming won championships. Hawaii's Ikua Purdy defeated Hugh Clark of Cheyenne, and third place money went to Purdy's friend, Archie Kaaua.

In a protest, Danks demanded a rematch the following year. That, of course, was an option for only Dick Stanley to decide. Boldly, he appeared again in 1909. The Humane Society had managed to get spurs and quirts outlawed in the bronc riding, and the horses bucked with much less enthusiasm.

In the anticlimactic finals on August 21, with eight riders left, Danks drew Ed Dolan, whose performance was only "tame," the Sunday *Leader* reported. Stanley drew High Tower, who was more of a renegade than Danks' horse, but whom the paper described as only a "medium bucker" and a disappointment. The little cowboy shook his head as he walked back toward the stands.

In spite of the crowd's cheers, the judges decided a second ride was warranted to determine the new champion—but they eliminated Stanley and two others from the competition.

Danks drew Old Steamboat, whose performance showed "There was little in the bucking of the most famous of outlaws to suggest some of his past performances. Danks rode him without taking chances and was never in jeopardy before Steamboat's short spasm of resentment was past," the paper wrote. The other contestants drew mounts that were as mediocre as Steamboat and rode as well as Danks, the newspaper reported, but the judges awarded the championship to the Wyomingite.

Wyoming State Museum

Clayton Danks lost the championship to Dick Stanley at Cheyenne Frontier Days in 1908 but won it in a rematch the next year.

The *Leader* described the reaction of the outraged spectators: "'Rotten! Robbery! Stanley! R-o-b-b-e-r-y!' The foregoing are samples of the exclamations that burst from the crowd at Frontier Park when announcement was made that Clayton Danks was the new champion broncho buster of the world."

Earl Shobe, alias Dick Stanley, returned to the West Coast. He never was recognized, much less apprehended, by law enforcement authorities in Cheyenne.

In 1940, Elmer Brock recalled, "It was typical of the man that he casually returned to Cheyenne and entered a public contest, at a time when there was a $5,000 reward on him for murder and there was a federal warrant for his arrest for post office robbery. Whether this gesture on his part showed intestinal fortitude, braggadocio, or poor judgment depends on the viewpoint of the observer."

Records in the federal district court in Cheyenne confirm that he died under the alias of Dick Stanley in October 1910 in California. The wiry, colorful little guy was killed when a horse fell on him in one of his own Wild West shows.

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By JACQUELINE DORGAN MEKETA

A PLETHORA OF

There it was, on the front page, for the whole town to see! The article in the *Silver City* (New Mexico) *Enterprise* said:

> Quite a serious accident happened to Messrs. Morehead and Whitehill, the two heavy-weight democratic candidates. They found the water much deeper in the Gila [River] than they had anticipated. Their buggy was tipped over and both men narrowly escaped with their lives. The accident proved to be a real calamity as two large demijohns of democratic whiskey were lost in the water. The latest report from the Gila states that the suckers are not all dead yet. In justice to these gentlemen it should be stated that it is the first time in many years that they have been known to take water. It is hoped that an incident of this kind may never occur again.

New Mexico's territorial newspapers! What a colorful, subjective, fascinating mixed bag of historical information they contain, particularly those from the earlier days of their publication.

Local editions usually carried a few somewhat belated international and national items obtained from eastern papers, through correspondence, or over the telegraph. Much of the balance of the periodical was normally given over to political, military, mining, or Indian news, depending upon where it was published. But the most arresting pieces were the human interest stories. Given a murder, an elopement, a tragedy, or a scandal of some sort, territorial journalists could and would supply some of the most lurid, gossipy, opinionated, and judgmental prose a scandal sheet reader could hope for.

No one's personal business was sacred or off limits to the editors. In 1886, one New Mexico newspaper, under the headline of "Marry the Gal, or Else," published the following item:

> Last Saturday night an attorney and a deputy sheriff arrived here from northeast Missouri, with a requisition for M.F. Bailey, a well-known bank clerk, who has been here nearly a year. The result was that he left with them the next morning, and is not expected to return. The officers stated that he would certainly be prosecuted unless he compromised the case by becoming the husband to a girl to whom he was once engaged.

Good taste was obviously not a pre-

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requisite for membership in the territorial fourth estate. After the death of a man who long had been a well-known and much respected citizen of Santa Fe, his rapidly escalating descent into madness was graphically described in the local press under the guise of sympathetic regret. The article said:

> Last summer his mind began to give evident signs of becoming inflicted with insanity. He had ever been noted in this city for his sober industry and rather studious habits. He was regarded as a man of punctilious veracity and business integrity. . . . Rather early in the summer he began to exhibit an excessive egotism, founded upon an impression that he was a man of great astronomical genius and had invented a kind of solar compass surpassing anything before known in simplicity and accuracy. He believed the invention would yield him immense wealth. He then passed to the impression that he owned gold mines fabulous in value. Diamonds and all precious stones filled his possessions. Santa Fe was shortly to receive, on account of his mines, a population exceeding New York. His hallucinations then took another turn. He announced himself the second Savior that had been sent to the Jews. His mind then turned to a political wildness. He proclaimed New Mexico a state, and federal authority ended here. Contended he was President of the Republic and gave orders, verbally and in writing, to civil and military officers, and upon finding himself not obeyed, he declared them removed. Finally, it was thought best to confine him, for he became violent and dangerous from his temper. His brother then made excellent arrangements for his removal to an asylum in the states to be treated. On the road he died.

Not infrequently, in other instances, editors of territorial newspapers placed themselves just one step below God. Publicly and in print they passed premature judgment on the guilt or innocence, mental condition, or motives of a wide variety of citizens without, apparently, any misgivings or fear of libel suits, although, in a few cases, inflamed victims of their vitriolic pens were known to call them out to duel.

Take, for example, the pre-trial piece which the editor of the *Las Vegas Daily Optic* decided to run in his April 15, 1881, issue. Not only was he willing to publish an article written by a correspondent who signed himself, "A Vigilante," but he also embellished it with an inflammatory headline inscribed in ridiculous alliteration to make it more eye-catching:

> Refugee Refugio
>
> A Rollicking and Revolting
> Record of Robbery and Rapine
>
> The Wife Killing Mania
> Brings a Fiend to Justice

Tramperos, April 11. Sheriff Mason Bowman of Springer reached here today on his way to that place with one Refugio Maes as his travelling companion. He was well secured in iron harness and was keenly guarded by the official, who evidently meant that by no manner of accident should he escape. This Refugio Maes has a record of which, as a criminal, he has reason to feel proud. It may be that his crimes may not have been numerous, those known against him have been of the most brutal and revolting character, and it seems indeed strange that an individual of his stripe would be allowed to run at large so long as he has.

The crime for which Sheriff Bowman has arrested him, (on the strength of a true bill placed against him at the last Cimarron court) is that of killing his wife, which dastardly deed he accomplished over a year ago, whilst residing near the Tramperos.

It appears that she was his second wife and that he had disposed of number one in a summary manner, a few years previously, but in another locality.

For the first offense he seems never to have been brought to trial, a fact which no doubt encouraged him very much in going into wife killing as a regular business. It would really seem as if he married but to kill, for the unfortunate girl whom he butchered on the Tramperos, had been his wife only a few weeks, and shortly after her unhappy death he sought another woman as his wife.

The murder was committed in the most cold-blooded manner, and has no equal in this country for its brutality. It appears that the girl, was only thirteen years of age, was employed one day preparing meat to be cooked for dinner, when the fiend asked her if she would like to die with him, supposing, presumably, that

Editors of territorial newspapers placed themselves just one step below God. Publicly and in print they passed premature judgment on the guilt or innocence, mental condition, or motives of a wide variety of citizens.

Illustrations by BUD McCAULLEY

PURPLE PROSE

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she fancied him jesting, she replied in the affirmative, whereupon he stabbed her with a knife and then, taking the tomahawk from her hands, he chopped her almost to pieces. She finally made her way out of the jickal [sic] and fell dead on the ground, gashed and mangled in a horrifying manner.

The neighbors had the body of the unfortunate woman interred, the murderer refusing to assist in any manner in the sad ceremony, at which he simply laughed. I had almost forgotten to state that after destroying his wife he made a very wild attempt upon his own life, drawing a knife carefully across his throat he inflicted a slight wound, and then ceased his suicidal effort on the score that "it hurt too much."

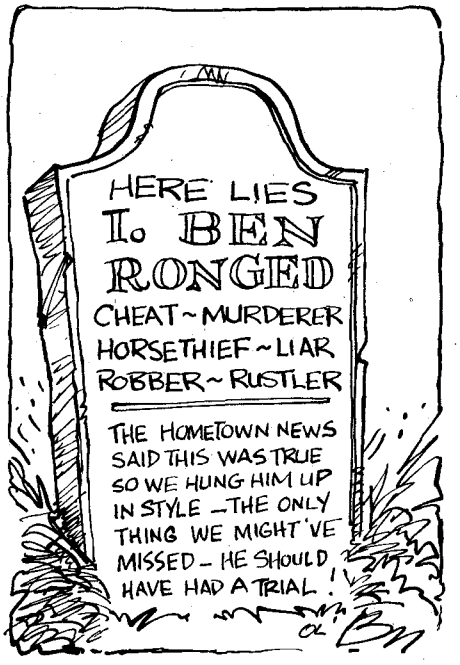
Paying Money For Blood.

The father and brother of the deceased woman resided in the vicinity, but they made no attempt to have the murderer brought to justice, and it transpired afterwards that one hundred dollars judiciously distributed by Maes had healed the wounded feelings of the girl's relatives. However, to make a long story short, it may be stated that Maes was subsequently arrested and underwent a preliminary trial at which he was committed to be tried for murder, but while on his way to Mora jail he was rescued by a mob. This was close on to a year ago and since then he has been at large without any effort to re-arrest him. The moment Sheriff Bowman received the warrant for his arrest, however, he set out, and overhauled his man. . . . When told that he was a prisoner he made no reply but stoutly refused the operation of adjusting the manacles and shackles. He threatened to kill the Sheriff at the first favorable opportunity, but it is not likely that this favorable opportunity will ever be afforded him. When asked why he killed his wife, he coolly replied, because he wanted to, that he did not wish to live with her and did not wish any other man to live with her. A forcible argument which should enable an intelligent jury to come to a verdict without much trouble.

The Insanity Dodge

The plea of insanity will be raised at the trial, but my opinion is that he is a fiend and not a fool. At all events, if he is insane his place is within the walls of an asylum, and if not insane, the county can surely afford the necessary hemp to swing him into kingdom come.

Such characters as he have no business at large in a civilized community, and the sooner he is dealt with the better. He will be tried at Springer and committed.



Territorial editors were men of strong convictions, and murderers supplied an excellent opportunity to trot out all the impassioned adjectives and derogatory nouns which were the stock in trade of the news media in those days.

None of that "innocent until proven guilty" foolishness for this correspondent! After the publication of this piece, a trial would be redundant.

The term "alleged" apparently was missing from the dictionaries of many editors of territorial dailies or weeklies. They were men of strong and sure convictions, and murderers, or at least those accused of the crime, supplied an excellent opportunity to trot out all the attention-demanding, impassioned adjectives and derogatory nouns which seemed to be the stock in trade of the newspapers in those days.

A typical story appeared in the *New Mexican* of May 28, 1875, in the form of a letter to the editor from the northern town of Abiquiu. It read:

One of the most cruel and bloodthirsty murders ever committed in this Territory was perpetrated at Coyote, a new settlement, distant twenty miles from this place, on Monday the 17th.

A boy named Evaristo Gallegos, about sixteen-years-old, tried to commit an outrage on a young girl aged twelve named Maritana Martin, and not being able to accomplish his hellish act, he deliberately went and loaded an old Army musket and shot the poor girl through the back, the ball entering near the spine and coming out of the left of her breast, she died in a few minutes afterward in great agony, having, however, had time to tell her mother and others present the particulars of the outrage. She was nursing an infant sister at the time, which was severely wounded in the arm, and having fractured its skull in falling against a wall with the deceased, the child is in a dangerous state. The murderer is still at large, having taken to the mountains after committing the terrible act. I am afraid that the authorities are making but slight effort to hunt him up. It is the duty of all good citizens to assist the local authorities to catch the scoundrel and bring him to justice; a warning to evil doers.

Violent crimes were not the only stories for which the newspaper owners and editors acted as judge and jury. The publications were also extremely influential political tools, and partisanship was the order of the day. Innuendo, insinuation, and allusion were commonly used against political foes and, if they did not work, outright lies were occasionally printed. The battles were often bitter and any weapon, no matter how ignoble, was sometimes used.

When Charles Clever won a hotly-contested race for New Mexico's territorial delegate to Congress in 1867 and took his seat in Washington in the autumn, the *Santa Fe New Mexican,* a Republican newspaper which backed his opponent, continued to malign him. The election was being contested and the *New Mexican's* editor continued to try to sway public opinion. He picked up a small item from the *Washington Chronicle* in which an eastern reporter referred to Clever as "a certain Spanish gentleman," apparently because the journalist assumed anyone representing New Mexico would be Hispanic.

With a clever distortion of the truth and a noxious pen the editor managed to combine religious prejudice, character assassination, and the question of patriotic loyalties into a beautiful exam-

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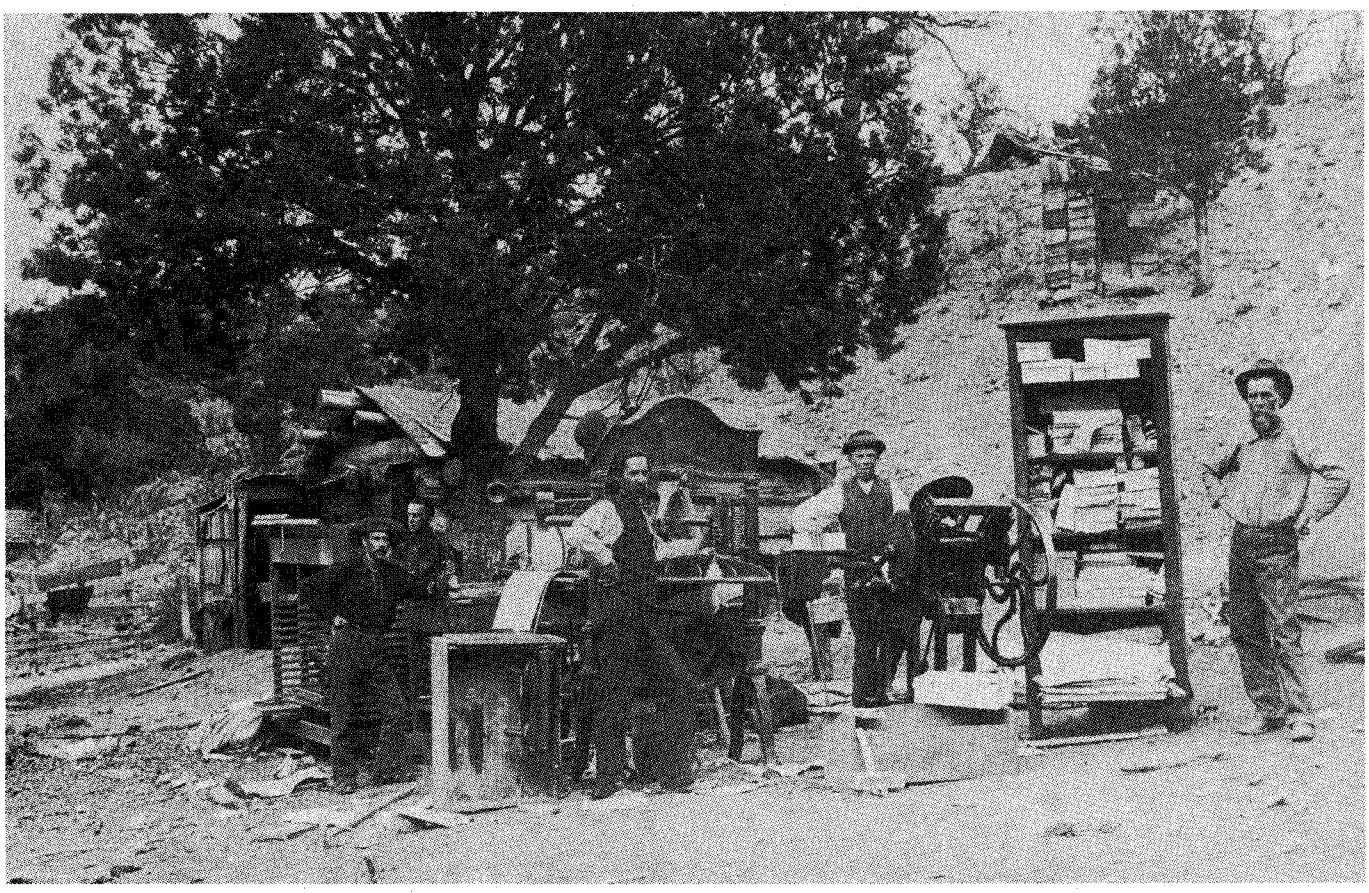

Museum of New Mexico

The staff of the Kingston, New Mexico, *Shaft,* August 1886.

ple of the worst in partisan journalism. He wrote:

> Really, New Mexico, we should say, ought to feel proud of its *sitting* Delegate. Apostate Jew, and now a Catholic; occupying a seat in Congress that belongs to another, and at last abjuring not only his 'fatherland,' but the country of his adoption, and all of a sudden turning *Spaniard;* really, Clever is a trump of which New Mexico ought to feel proud. . . . However, the mess of pottage for which he sold his religion in this country, he now enjoys. . . we think it proper to say to our friends in Washington, to whom Clever is a Spaniard, that when he came to New Mexico, some fifteen years go, he was a German of the Hebrew persuasion, and though he did drop off the mantle of Hebraic faith, we were not aware until the little affair in Washington. . . that he became a Spaniard by throwing off his mixed German origin.

In some instances, with great temerity, journalists made psychological, legal, and moral judgments on whole lives in single paragraphs. For example: We learn that Pino, who killed Schwarzkopf, was buried without benefit of clergy. The belief having obtained that while he was very likely partially insane when he committed the murder; that the enormity of the offense aroused him to a sense of his situation and that he killed himself rather than submit to the penalty of the law, where the case was so overwhelmingly against him. The Catholic Church, according to their laws, refusing service to a voluntary suicide. He was a cattle thief.

That, it must be assumed, was the final and definitive word on the late, lamented Mr. Pino.

Of course, not all the items were depressing, gory, or unfair. There were flashes of humor, as in the small item which stated, "Somebody lifted the body of a porker out of Gen. Proudfit's corral last night without consulting his wishes. They were considerate enough to leave the head and legs." A piece about Indians said, "The first thing an enlightened citizen of this country does on waking up in the morning is to feel for his hair, and then look in his corral for his stock and moccasin tracks."

In some instances the editors were no kinder to their peers than to the public in general. One editor, in a heated written exchange with another, called him an ass, and said "he lies in his throat!" He went on to state, "his imbecility of mind is shown by the silly paragraphs he pens" and rounding off his tirade called the other editor "a sneaking coward" and a "blubbering fool."

In another incident, a New Mexico editor called his competitor an "underhanded sneak, liar, ruffian, two faced scarecrow whose whiskers are leaking for need of a bath" and other less-than-complimentary names. As a comeback, the other editor inflicted a curse, writing, "May fortune flee from him, and evil cling to him all of his days; may death rob him of family; friends forsake him; disease waste his flesh; ghosts of women haunt his sleep; and in the end poor, miserable, loathed of men and despised by God may the wretch sink into the grave and hell receive his soul."

Finally, no one can deny that some articles were educational in the extreme. For every person who ever wondered what it felt like to be scalped, the *Santa Fe Weekly Gazette* had an answer. A former soldier, Delos G. Sandbertson, related an obviously fabricated tale of

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In some instances the editors were no kinder to their peers than to the public in general.

how his hair was lifted at the Battle of Washita. It was reported thus:

I was in the infantry. Custer had command of the troops. There was quite a force of cavalry with us, they were about a mile in the rear when we first discovered the reds. . . . The reds were encamped in a sort of valley, and we were within eighteen rods of them for a half an hour before daybreak. Just in the gray of the morning the firing commenced on both sides, and we had it all our own way for a few minutes, the cursed snakes being much confused and not knowing which way was up. At length they rallied and we could hear Black Kettle shouting and ordering. The vermin got into holes and behind rocks—anywhere they could find a place, and began to fight back with a will.

We fired wherever we could see a topknot, and shot squaws—there were lots of them—just as quick as Indians. We just went in for wiping out the whole gang. When it was fairly daylight, we all gave a big yell and charged right down into the camp. The lodges were all standing yet, and lots of Indians in them. As we run through the alleys, a big red jumped out at me from behind a tent, and before I could shorten up enough to run him through with my bayonet, a squaw grabbed me around the legs and twisted me down. The camp was then full of men fighting, and everybody seemed yelling as loud as he could. When I fell, I went over backward, dropping my gun, I had just got part ways up again, the squaw yanking me by the hair, when the Indian clubbed my gun and struck me across the neck. He might just as well have run me through but he wasn't used to the bayonet, or didn't think. The blow stunned me; it didn't hurt in the least, but gave me a numb feeling all over. I couldn't have gotten to my feet then if all alone, while the squaw kept screeching and pulling my hair out by handfuls.

I heard some of our boys shouting close by, and the squaw started and ran—one of the boys killed her not three rods off. The Indian stepped one foot on my chest, and with his hand gathered up the hair near the crown of my head. He wasn't very tender about it, but jerked my head this way and that, and pinched like Satan. My eyes were partially opened, and I could see the beadwork and trimming on his leggins. Suddenly I felt the awfulest biting, cutting flash go round my head, and then it seemed as if my whole head had been jerked clean off. I never felt such pain in all my life; why, it was like pulling your brains right out. I didn't know anything more for two or three days and when I came to, to find that I had the sorest head of any human that lived. If the boys killed the viper they didn't get back my scalp, perhaps it got lost in the snow. I was shipped down to Laramie after a bit, and all the nursing I got haint made the hair grow out on this spot yet.

Now that's a lively first-person account capable of allowing any reader to experience vicariously an event not likely to occur during his lifetime!

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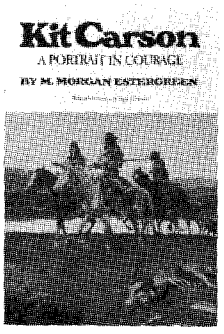

239—KIT CARSON: A PORTRAIT IN COURAGE. By M. Morgan Estergreen. Trader, interpreter, scout, trapper, guide, express rider, Indian agent, brevet brigadier general, Indian fighter—Kit Carson was all of these things and more. Estergreen's book is the story of Kit's life as he lived it, not as many writers have imagined it to be. Based on an abundance of primary sources, *Kit Carson* is considered one of the best biographies of the Great Scout.
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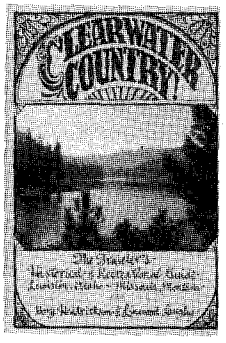

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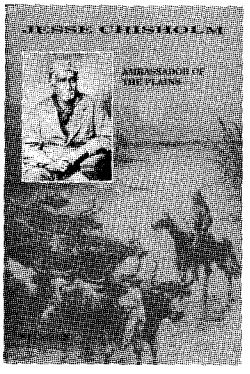

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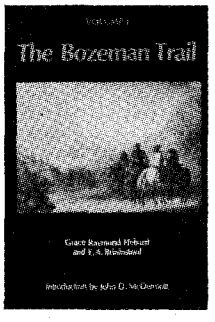

229—THE BOZEMAN TRAIL, Volume I. By Grace Raymond Hebard & E.A. Brininstool; intro. by John D. McDermott. In this important, two-volume work, first published in 1922, the authors put the Bozeman Trail, the battleground of the fighting Sioux, on a wide canvas showing its relation to other famous thoroughfares and plotting events on a historical scale.
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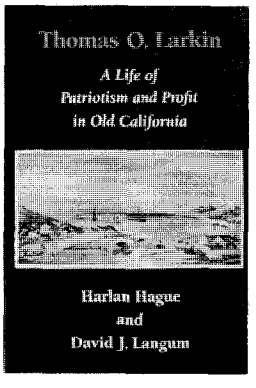

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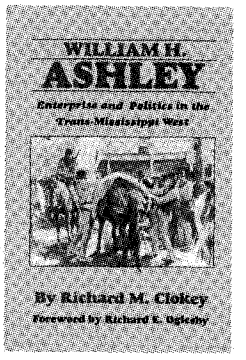
Paper, $8.95



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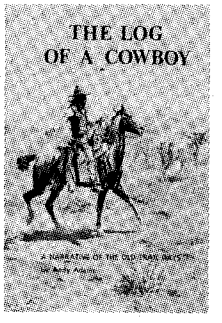

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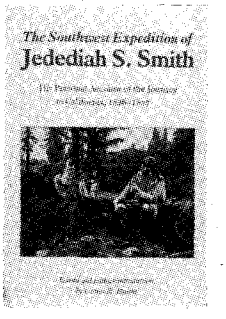

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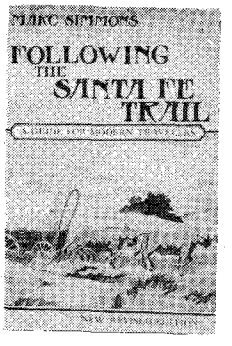
Paper, $8.50



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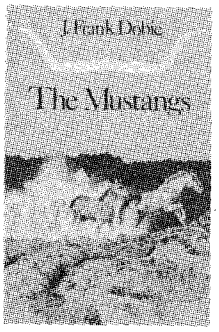

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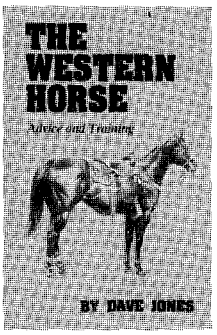

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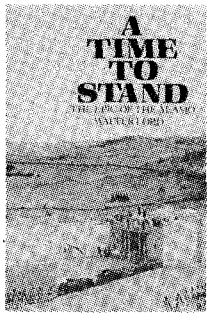

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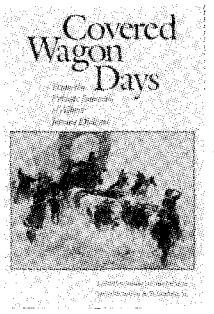

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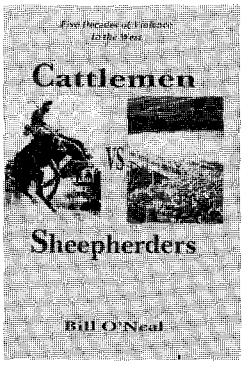

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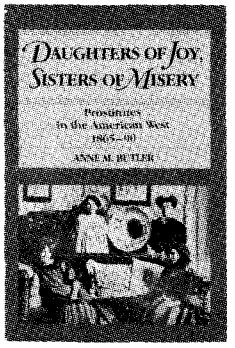

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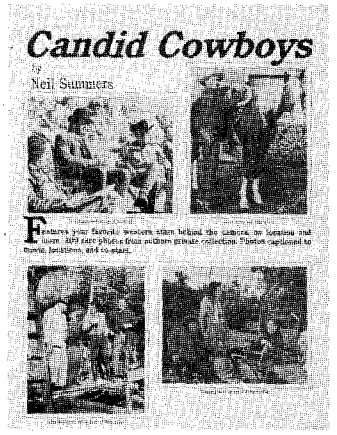

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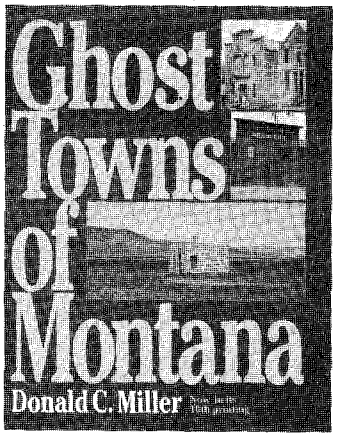

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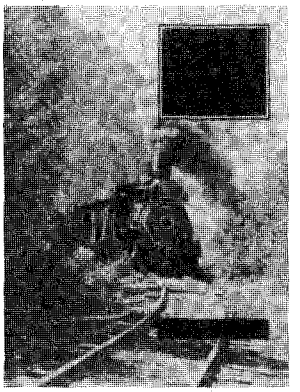

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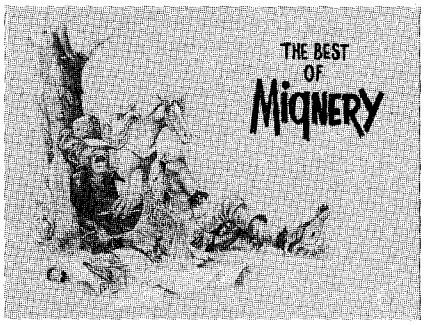

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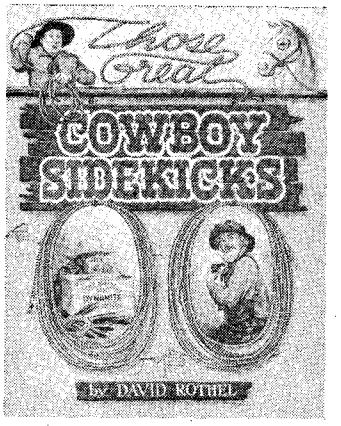

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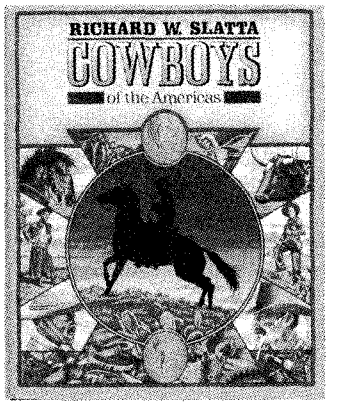

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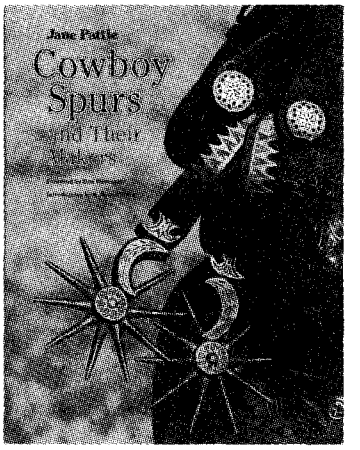

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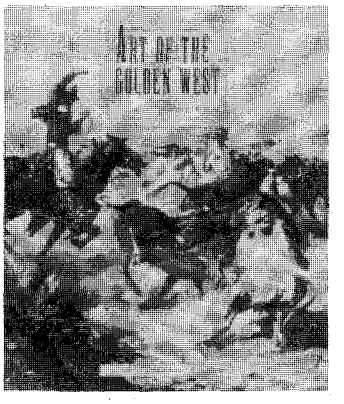

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The Deadly Walkers

Newt Walker was trying to avoid trouble. He walked up the street, intently watching the two men who followed him. Suddenly one of the men reached for the pistol in his belt and shouted to Walker, "We want you!"

Instantly Walker drew his revolver and fired six times, killing both men. Spectacular though the gunfight may have been, it was not the first of the Walker brothers' killings, nor would it be the last.

Nothing in the Walker boys' early lives portended the violence that awaited them. Their parents, William and Mary Walker, migrated as newlyweds to California's Mother Lode country in the late 1850s. The couple's first two sons, James and Thomas, were born while William worked in the diggings as a miner.

In the late 1860s, the family followed the gold rush to the lower Sierra Nevada, where they established a permanent home. The births of Benjamin,

By HAROLD L. EDWARDS

John Newton, William, Hal, Mary, and Phillip followed. The area's rough and ready mining camps—Havilah, Keyesville, Kernville, and Isabella—were tough places to raise a family, but the Walker children attended school and made friends. As they grew the boys learned prospecting and mining. They also learned how to shoot fast and straight.

Among the Walkers' social constellation were the Burton brothers, James, Fletcher, Luther, and David; farmers William and Charles Gibson and their sister Addie; and neighbor E.L. Allison. From those friendships developed a murderous feud that started the Walkers on their killing careers and all but exterminated the Burton brothers.

The trouble began when the Burtons and Gibsons formed a mining partnership. Financed by their brothers, David Burton and Charles Gibson prospected in the area with the understanding that all would share in any proceeds. David and Charles located a promising site, and Fletcher Burton built a cabin and moved onto the claim. When the Gibson brothers discovered that Luther Burton intended to register the claim in his name, distrust grew into resentment

The Daily Californian.

VOL. XVI — BAKERSFIELD, KERN COUNTY, MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1905 — No.

NEWT WALKER KILLS DAVE BURTON AND COMPANION AND IS A FUGITIVE IN MOUNTAINS

BACK SOMERSAULT IN WHEAT MARKET

The Total Fall in the Price of May Wheat Now Amounts to Thirty Cents.

OLD FEUD RESULTS IN DOUBLE MURDER IN TOWN OF HAVILAH

UNITED STATES MAY BE INTERMEDIARY

The Report Is not Confirmed but the Time Is Considered to be Opportune.

(108 SCREEN)

Kern County Library, Bakersfield, California

Newt Walker's quick shooting on April 24, 1905, made headlines in Bakersfield, California.

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California State Archives

Charles Gibson as he appeared on entry into San Quentin prison on April 25, 1895. The Gibsons served over five years in prison for a crime they did not commit.

Despite their denials, the Gibson brothers were tried and convicted on circumstantial evidence. On June 12, 1893, they were sentenced to life in California's San Quentin prison. Throughout the trial, their friend, E.L. Allison, had contended they were innocent and had been dealt with unfairly.

and open threats. Finally the Gibsons boasted that they were "going to put Fletcher Burton off that mine."

On November 28, 1892, James Burton was standing in C. Leon's Kernville saloon when an unknown assailant shot at him through a window. He was wounded seriously but would survive, and as he was being treated he said Bill Gibson must have done the shooting.

John Manning, a local miner, was sent from Kernville to the Gibson-Burton mine to inform Fletcher Burton of his brother's condition. En route, he stopped at the Walker home with the news. The Gibson brothers were there at the time and heard the report.

When Manning reached Fletcher Burton's cabin, he found him dead, "shot to pieces."

The Gibson brothers were immediately suspected of the shootings. Law officers searched the area for them without success, but the next day the brothers surrendered to the Kern County sheriff in Bakersfield, some forty miles away. They claimed innocence in both shootings, saying they first heard of James Burton's being wounded when Manning stopped at the Walker home. Only later did they learn of Fletcher Burton's murder. They said they had been with the Walker brothers all day and into the night on the date of the shootings.

Despite their denials, the Gibson brothers were tried and convicted on circumstantial evidence. On June 12, 1893, they were sentenced to life in California's San Quentin prison. Throughout the trial, their friend, E.L. Allison, had contended they were innocent and had been dealt with unfairly. That opinion led Allison into a confrontation with James Burton, who by then had recovered from his wound.

Both men made threats, and on May 10, 1893, they inadvertantly met on a mountain trail near Keyesville. They circled each other warily, rifles at the ready, until Allison suddenly triggered his weapon. Burton fell dead in the trail. Allison immediately surrendered to authorities. He was tried for the murder of James Burton and acquitted in Bakersfield during September 1893.

Meanwhile, Benjamin Walker had very quietly left the area during the course of the Gibsons' trials. He was eventually determined to have been the man who wounded James Burton and killed Fletcher, though his motive never became clear. A petition for the Gibson brothers' pardon was signed by citizens, a law officer, the prosecuting attorney, the jurors, and several local legislators. On December 24, 1898, the governor commuted their sentences to time served and released them from prison.

After the deaths of his brothers, Luther Burton relocated to Nevada, where he continued mining. The last of the Burton brothers, David, stayed in the Kern River country and nursed a bitter resentment of the Walker family. In the interim, Thomas and James Walker each killed his man, and Phillip Walker was involved in a brutal murder.

Thomas was first to count a victim. On April 28, 1898, William A. Woods approached him on the street in Kernville and challenged him to a fight. Thomas, to whom Woods was a stranger, replied that he did not want trouble and retreated to a nearby saloon. Woods followed him into the bar and continued agitating for a fight. Finally the bartender evicted him, and he went up the street muttering that he was going to get a gun.

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Thomas Walker immediately went to the livery stable to get his horse and leave town. As he waited for his mount to be saddled, Woods entered the stable and started badgering him again. Without a word, Walker drew his revolver and shot Woods fatally through the neck. The coroner's jury, citizens, and the local press agreed that "a badman got what he deserved." Walker was not arrested.

Soon, Thomas Walker killed his second man at Prescott, Arizona. He and his brother, Hal, had gone to Prescott to work in the mines shortly after the Woods killing. On November 14, 1899, Richard Bennett, who was intoxicated, approached Thomas in a saloon and offered to buy him a drink. Thomas declined and harsh words ensued. Finally, Bennett punched Thomas in the face. Without hesitating, Thomas pulled his gun and shot Bennett twice, once in the neck and once in the shoulder. Bennett fell to the floor, and Thomas shot him twice more in the back, killing him instantly.

Thomas tried to leave, but was detained by the bartender and several patrons. Thomas fired a wild shot at the bartender, who with his friends attacked Thomas and beat him severely about the head with his own pistol.

Thomas Walker was tried and convicted of the murder. On December 20, 1899, he was sentenced to life in the Yuma territorial prison. Two days later he entered the prison as inmate number 1538.

California State Archives

William Gibson as he appeared on entry into San Quentin prison on April 25, 1895.

While Thomas was in prison, his brother James continued the family's tradition of violence. On the night of November 3, 1903, he shot and killed M. Cortinas in a labor camp near Kernville. James was sleeping in his tent, fully clothed, when he awoke to find Cortinas taking the money from his trousers pocket. Cortinas pointed a pistol at him, but James was not intimidated and yelled.

Cortinas fled. James ran to the nearby tent of L.W. Cummins, borrowed his pistol, pursued the thief, and overtook him. Cortinas raised his pistol, but James beat him to the shot. When Cortinas did not fall, James fired twice more, killing him instantly. On February 10, 1904, James Walker was tried and acquitted of the murder.

Phillip was the next of the Walker brothers to shed blood. Six months after James' trial for the Cortinas slaying, Phillip was arrested for murder. The night of October 7, 1904, William Nichols, a noted and aged pioneer of the Kern River country, was brutally killed in a barn near Isabella. Earlier in the evening, Nichols had flashed a considerable amount of money while drinking with an old friend. Patton Palmer, age forty, observed Nichols' indiscretions while his employees—Anatacia Urdangarin and Antonio Zuniga, both twenty-one, and Phillip Walker—stood drinking at the bar.

Nichols finally staggered out of the saloon to a nearby barn where he planned to sleep in the hay that night. Palmer watched him enter the barn, then suggested to his employees that they take the old man's money. The younger men were reluctant, but Palmer finally prevailed, and all four of them went to the barn.

Two of the culprits stayed outside while the others went in and searched Nichols. When the old man resisted, his assailants struck his head savagely with a club. They took the money, left him in the barn, and fled into the night.

Nichols was found the next day, too badly injured to be revived, and he died within a few hours.

Lawmen quickly arrested the killers. All four of them pleaded not guilty; however, Palmer soon turned state's evidence against the others. Urdangarin, Zuniga, and Walker's attorneys then advised them to plead guilty and place themselves at the mercy of the court. They did so and on April 23, 1905, were sentenced to life at Folsom prison. Phillip Walker began his term on June 27, 1905.

Since Patton Palmer did not testify in court against the others, murder charges were brought against him. Maintaining that he had not struck the blow that killed Nichols, he at least implied that Phillip Walker had inflicted the fatal injury. Curiously, the jury acquitted Palmer. He left the court-

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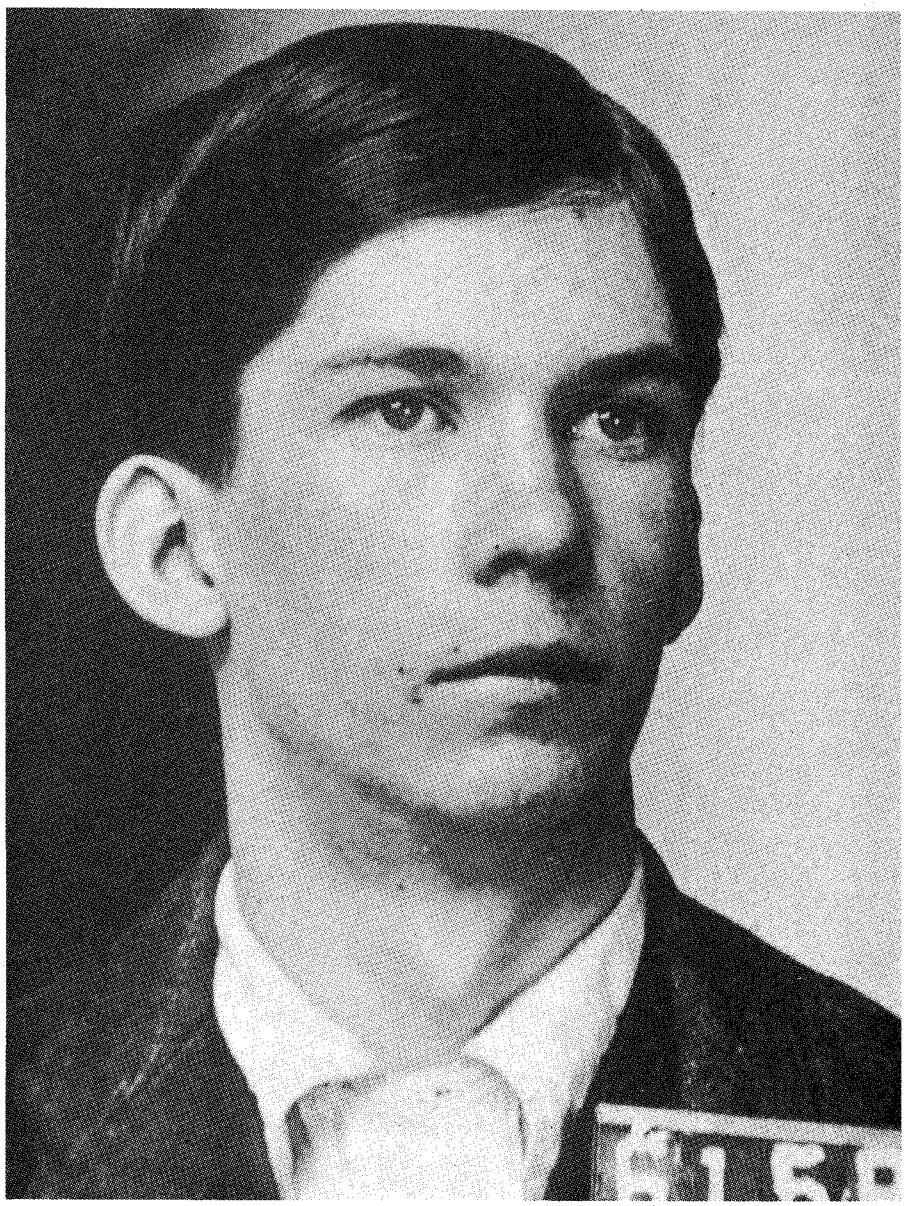

California State Archives

Phillip Walker as he appeared on entering Folsom prison on June 27, 1905, to serve a life term for murder.

room and immediately fled Kern County, presumably to avoid Phillip Walker's brothers. He was never heard from again.

In the meantime, David Burton had continued brooding over his brothers' deaths in 1892 until he finally decided to avenge them. He hired fifty-eight-year-old George Bagsby as a gunman and waited for his chance to even the score. It came on April 25, 1905.

Newt Walker and his father had attended Phillip's trial for the Nichols murder in Bakersfield. The next day they rode the stagecoach into Havilah about noon. They saw Burton and Bagsby on the street, and knowing Burton's intentions, William suggested that they leave town and go home. Newt refused and insisted on eating lunch.

The two Walkers went to Gus Miller's store to buy some canned sardines and crackers. While they were eating, Burton and Bagsby came in and made loud, threatening comments about the Walkers. This time when William suggested that they should leave town, Newt agreed.

As they strode up the street, Newt walked some distance behind his father and continually glanced back at Burton and Bagsby, who were following.

Burton and Bagsby taunted Newt, "What was that last remark? What did you say?" Finally, Bagsby reached for his pistol and called, "We want you!"

Newt spun, drew his .38 Smith and Wesson revolver, and fired six quick shots. The first two shots hit Bagsby in the upper chest; either would have been fatal. The next two hit Burton in vital spots, killing him instantly. The fifth shot grazed Bagsby, who was still on his feet, and the sixth missed. Bagsby slumped to the ground, but managed to squeeze off two rounds at Walker, who was walking away. Walker did not stop to return the fire but walked straight out of town and into the brush.

The coroner's jury found that David Burton and George Bagsby came to their deaths at the hands of Newt Walker. Although it learned that David Burton was unarmed at the moment of his death, the jury chose not to term the killing either murder or justifiable homicide.

Newt remained at large even though local officers were combing the area for him. The night after the killings, Kern County Sheriff John Kelly arrived in Kernville to help with the search. The next day, Newt's mining partner, Joe Ferris, met Sheriff Kelly and a posse on the Kernville-Isabella road. He was carrying a message that Newt would surrender only to Kelly.The sheriff told Ferris that he would wait for Walker that night on the porch of the Isabella stage station. About eight o'clock that evening, Newt appeared out of the darkness and surrendered.

In separate counts Newt was charged with Burton's and Bagsby's murders. He was tried first for the killing of the unarmed Burton. The prosecutor argued that Newt was in no way threatened by Burton and Bagsby but had shot them down without provocation or warning. He further contended that no one could beat to the draw an opponent who already had his hand on his weapon, as Newt had described the confrontation.

The trial was long and spectacular. Witnesses testified that Burton had recently solicited their help in killing Newt. Others said they had seen Burton armed with a pistol just moments before his death. Still others had heard the shooting, saw Burton and Bagsby fall, and saw a pistol in Newt's hand. None, however, had seen Newt draw his pistol before the shooting started.

The trial's most sensational moment came when Newt demonstrated his proficiency with a handgun in the courtroom. With men in positions similar to those of Burton and Bagsby during the street fight, Newt donned his holstered, empty pistol and showed the jury how he had turned on his antagonists. While turning, he instantly drew and, without taking time to aim, triggered it at the two stand-ins.

Newt convinced the jury that he very well could have drawn and fired first, even if Bagsby's hand had already been on his weapon. That and other evidence

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in his favor won his acquittal. The prosecutor then moved to dismiss the second charge for Bagsby's murder. If he couldn't convict Newt for murdering the unarmed Burton, he said, he surely couldn't convict him of murdering an armed George Bagsby.

After Newt's trial, the Walker brothers enjoyed nearly twenty years of peace. In 1909 Thomas was moved from the Yuma penitentiary to the new prison at Florence. In 1912 Arizona's governor paroled him to California. He returned to Kern River country and prospected, mined, and made moonshine whiskey with his brothers. Thomas was paroled from Folsom to California's San Joaquin County in 1915.

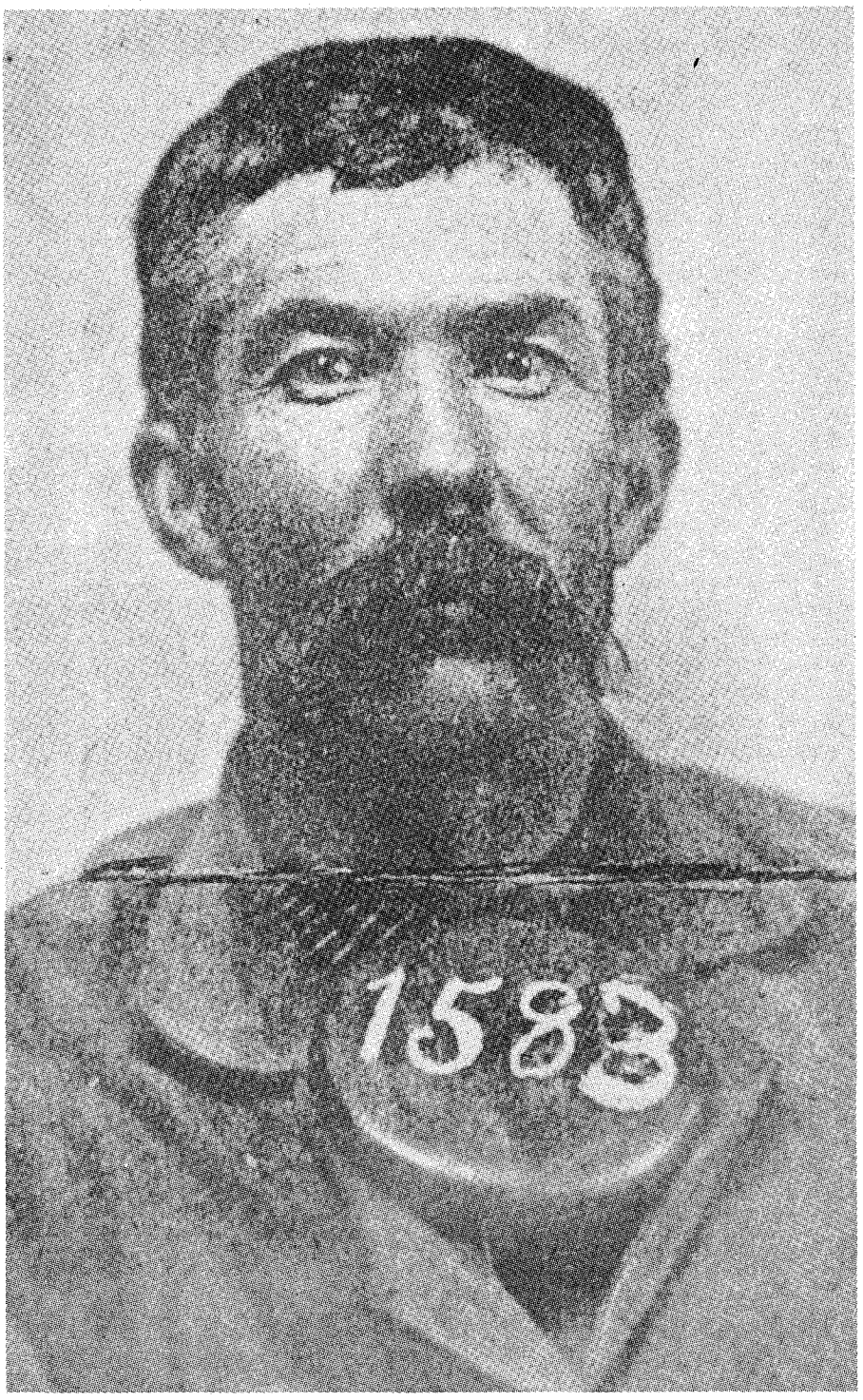
BUT LIFE turned sour for the brothers in 1924. After some heavy drinking one night in July of that year, Newt argued with Floyd Fischer on the Keyesville-Isabella road. Newt shot Fischer twice. Surprisingly, the wounds were not serious, and Newt was tried in Bakersfield on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon.

Newt was again acquitted, but time was running out for him and Thomas. Soon they were to die in one of Kern County's bloodiest and most bizarre incidents. During the late hours of November 24, 1924, Newt, Frank Murdock, and Alphonse "Tex" Roland were drinking and chatting in Newt's cabin near Keyesville. Walker answered a knock at his door, and while he was framed in the doorway he was shot dead by someone outside. Murdock was struck down by a savage blow to his head from a blunt instrument. He regained his feet and fled into the back yard, where he was shot through the body. While Murdock lay helpless on the ground, his assailant put a gun to his head and executed him with one callous shot.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Walter Armstrong came to the cabin to discuss a mining venture with Newt and discovered the bodies. Kernville Deputy Sheriff Phillip Fickert knew that Roland shared Walker's cabin. Since Roland was missing, he became the prime suspect. Fearing that Roland might also have killed Thomas Walker, Fickert sent someone to Thomas's cabin to investigate. Thomas was not in his cabin, but searchers found his body in a mineshaft. He had sat down, removed his shoes, drunk two jars of moonshine whiskey, put his pistol to his head, and blown himself into eternity.

With the discovery of Thomas' suicide, Fickert was certain that Roland was also dead. He was correct; a search turned up the bullet riddled body in the brush beside a wheelbarrow some two hundred yards from Newt's cabin. Thomas apparently had killed Newt and his friends and had hidden Roland's body to make it look like Roland was the killer. In the end he had a change of heart and joined his victims. His motives remain a mystery to this day, but at the time Kern mountaineers said, "Tom went crazy; killers always go crazy sooner or later; Tom was a killer."

The November 24 massacre at Newt's cabin marked the last of the Walker killings. Benjamin, Phillip, James, Thomas, and Newt Walker were men of the frontier. Some of their killings were justified by frontier standards. Some were not, and in those cases they were punished for their deeds. But in any event, the Walkers were violent, tough, handy with their guns—and deadly.



Yuma Territorial Prison State Park

Thomas Walker upon his entry into Yuma prison to serve a life term for the murder of Richard Bennett in Prescott, Arizona, in 1899.

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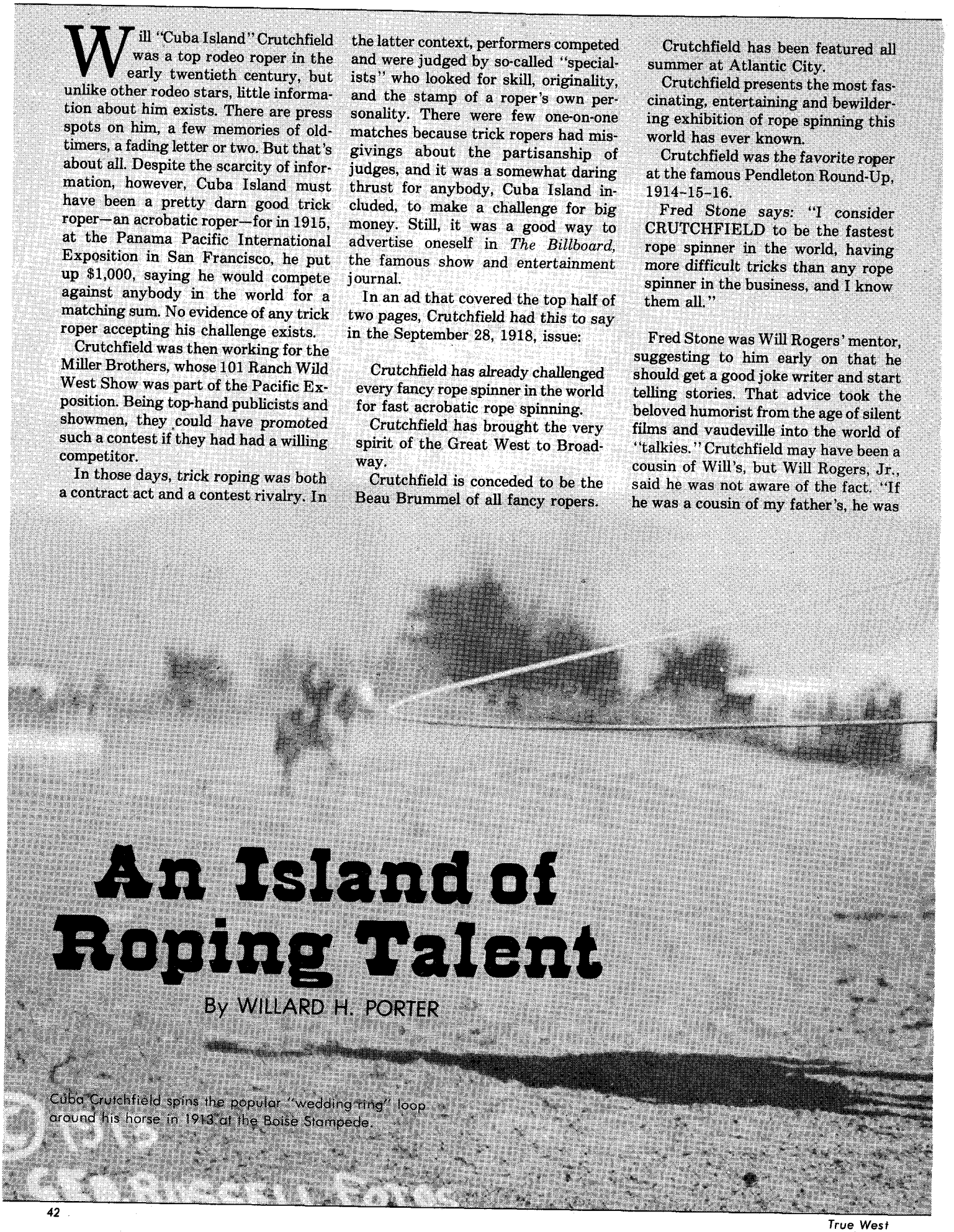
An Island of Roping Talent

By WILLARD H. PORTER



Cuba Crutchfield spins the popular "wedding ring" loop around his horse in 1913 at the Boise Stampede.

Will "Cuba Island" Crutchfield was a top rodeo roper in the early twentieth century, but unlike other rodeo stars, little information about him exists. There are press spots on him, a few memories of old-timers, a fading letter or two. But that's about all. Despite the scarcity of information, however, Cuba Island must have been a pretty darn good trick roper—an acrobatic roper—for in 1915, at the Panama Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco, he put up $1,000, saying he would compete against anybody in the world for a matching sum. No evidence of any trick roper accepting his challenge exists.

Crutchfield was then working for the Miller Brothers, whose 101 Ranch Wild West Show was part of the Pacific Exposition. Being top-hand publicists and showmen, they could have promoted such a contest if they had had a willing competitor.

In those days, trick roping was both a contract act and a contest rivalry. In the latter context, performers competed and were judged by so-called "specialists" who looked for skill, originality, and the stamp of a roper's own personality. There were few one-on-one matches because trick ropers had misgivings about the partisanship of judges, and it was a somewhat daring thrust for anybody, Cuba Island included, to make a challenge for big money. Still, it was a good way to advertise oneself in *The Billboard*, the famous show and entertainment journal.

In an ad that covered the top half of two pages, Crutchfield had this to say in the September 28, 1918, issue:

> Crutchfield has already challenged every fancy rope spinner in the world for fast acrobatic rope spinning.
>
> Crutchfield has brought the very spirit of the Great West to Broadway.
>
> Crutchfield is conceded to be the Beau Brummel of all fancy ropers.
>
> Crutchfield has been featured all summer at Atlantic City.
>
> Crutchfield presents the most fascinating, entertaining and bewildering exhibition of rope spinning this world has ever known.
>
> Crutchfield was the favorite roper at the famous Pendleton Round-Up, 1914-15-16.
>
> Fred Stone says: "I consider CRUTCHFIELD to be the fastest rope spinner in the world, having more difficult tricks than any rope spinner in the business, and I know them all."

Fred Stone was Will Rogers' mentor, suggesting to him early on that he should get a good joke writer and start telling stories. That advice took the beloved humorist from the age of silent films and vaudeville into the world of "talkies." Crutchfield may have been a cousin of Will's, but Will Rogers, Jr., said he was not aware of the fact. "If he was a cousin of my father's, he was

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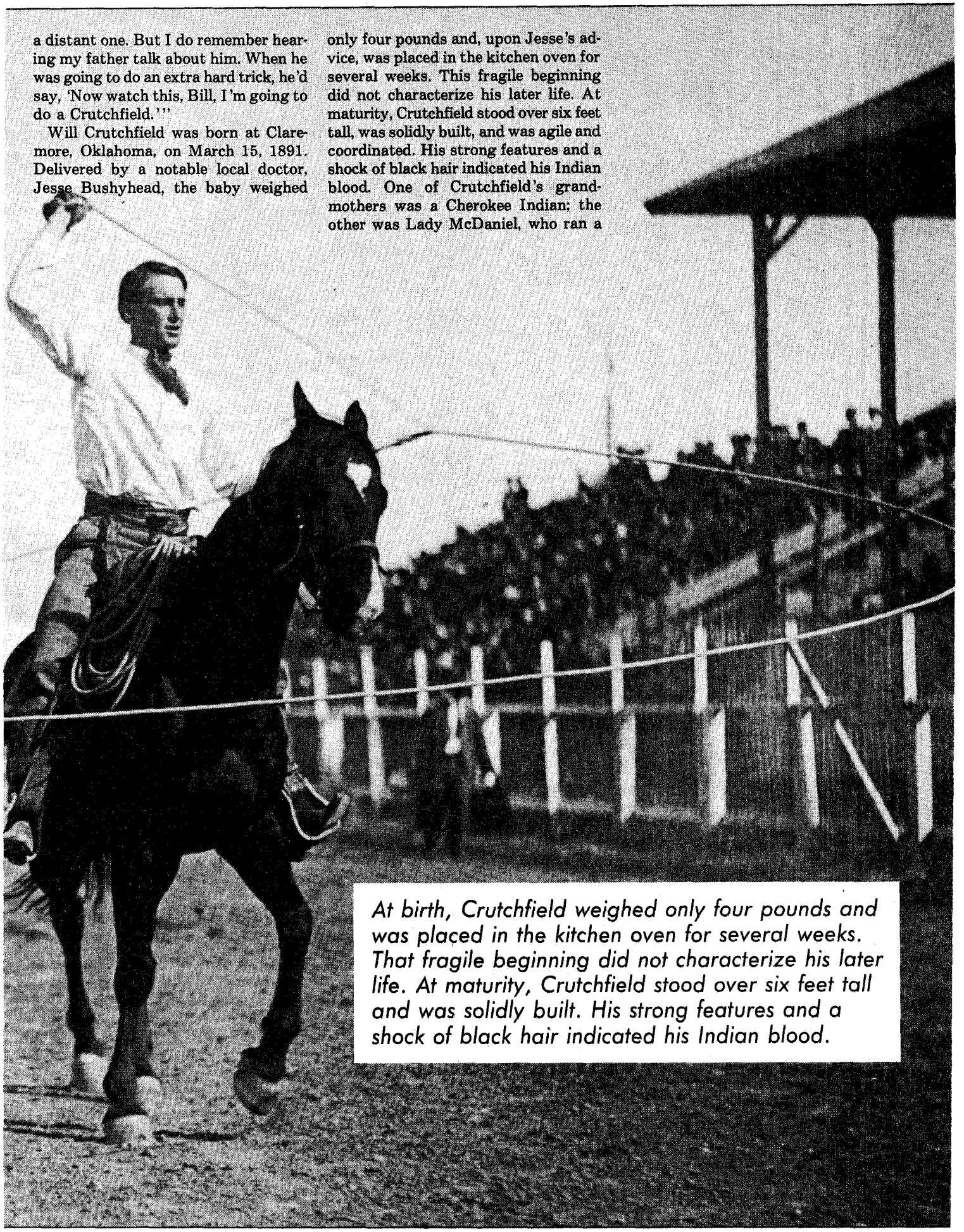
Courtesy of National Cowboy Hall of Fame

a distant one. But I do remember hearing my father talk about him. When he was going to do an extra hard trick, he'd say, 'Now watch this, Bill, I'm going to do a Crutchfield.'"

Will Crutchfield was born at Claremore, Oklahoma, on March 15, 1891. Delivered by a notable local doctor, Jesse Bushyhead, the baby weighed only four pounds and, upon Jesse's advice, was placed in the kitchen oven for several weeks. This fragile beginning did not characterize his later life. At maturity, Crutchfield stood over six feet tall, was solidly built, and was agile and coordinated. His strong features and a shock of black hair indicated his Indian blood. One of Crutchfield's grandmothers was a Cherokee Indian; the other was Lady McDaniel, who ran a



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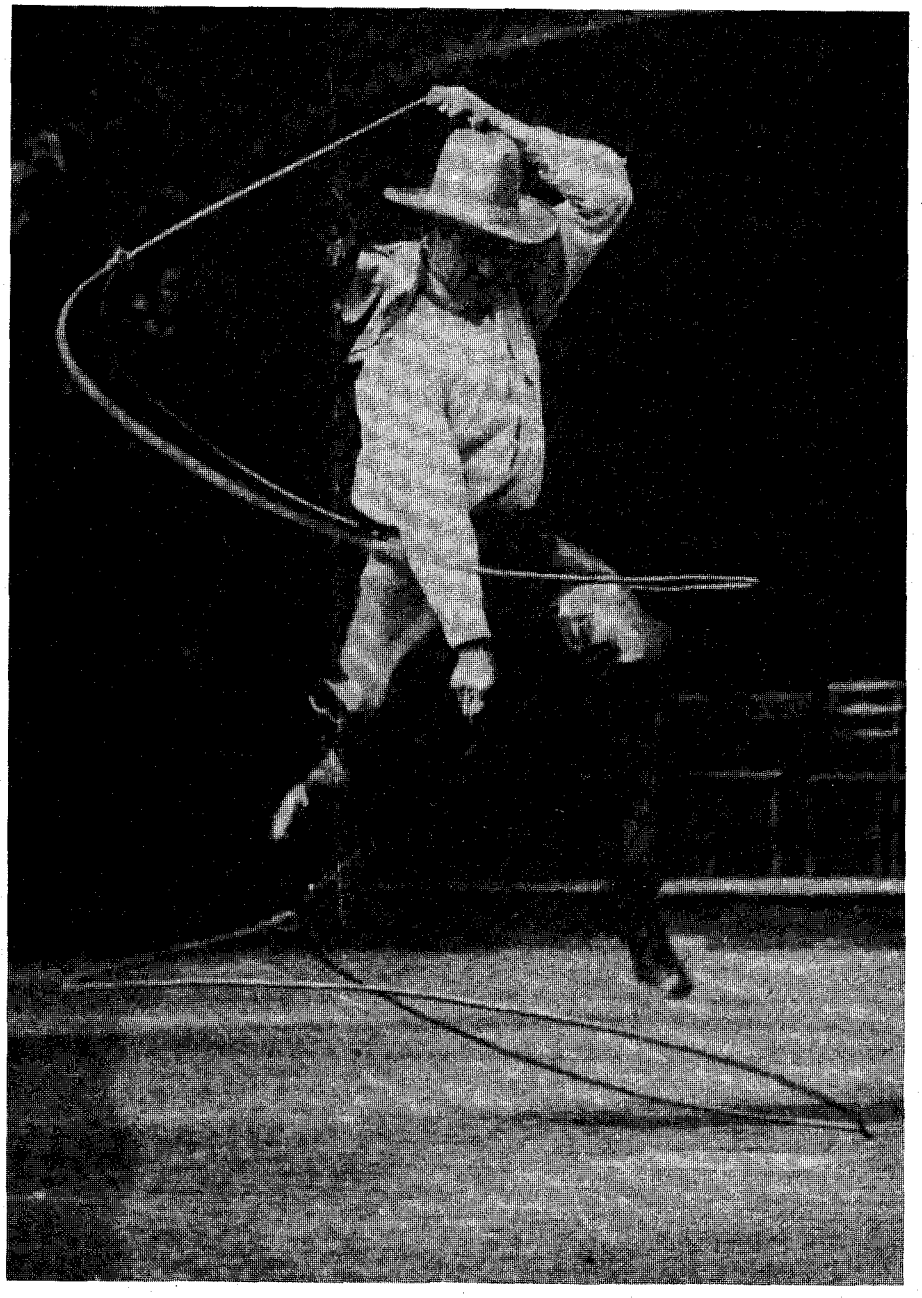
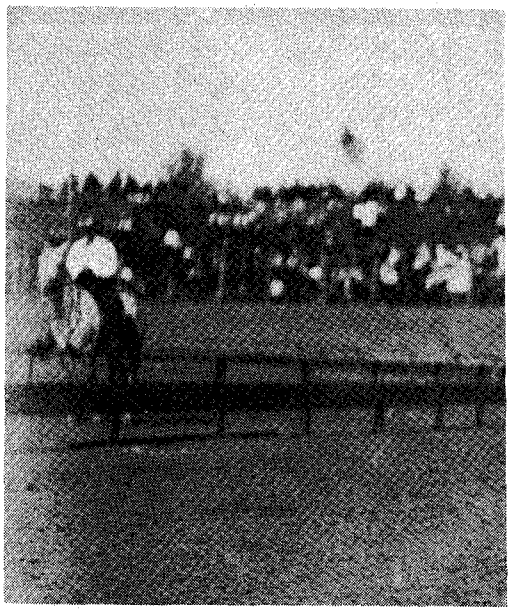
tavern in the central part of Indian Territory.

Tee-Cee Chambers of Claremore, another Cherokee, first influenced Crutchfield to spin a rope. But the first circle he made with any kind of line was with string. According to Crutchfield's own notes, this is what happened. "Tee-Cee made a small loop on the end of a string. Then he would catch the school kids coming by. I would hide nearby and watch him closely. He would laugh like crazy and I would laugh with him when he caught a kid by his legs. Once in a while he'd miss and when he drew the loop in, he would keep it moving in a circle, spinning it. 'Why can't I do that with a regular rope?' I asked myself. I was about 12 years old."



Courtesy of National Cowboy Hall of Fame

This photo appeared on the first page of the *Carson City* (Nevada) *Appeal* on July 16, 1967.



Crutchfield performs a somersault as he ropes a running horse and rider. An acro-

In a few years; he was doing it—in a few more, his peers regarded him as one of the best. He became an innovator with a trick rope. He could sit on a tin can, knees up under his chin, then whip the can from under him with his rope. The can would literally fly away through the air.

Charles Wellington Furlong in *Let 'Er Buck* describes Cuba Crutchfield this way: "He thinks nothing of jumping backwards and forwards in his vertically spinning loop or even, incidentally, turning somersaults through it. Yes, a knack that takes years of experimenting and an inborn 'feel' for a rope to accomplish."

Writing again about his early life, Crutchfield says he began his career with the Booger Red Wild West Show. That did not last very long.

In what is titled an "unfinished autobiography," he says, "In 1908, I joined the Cow Punchers Company, a traveling western melodrama, which was also of short duration, folding in Little Rock, Arkansas. Then still later, I joined up with the Cowboy Indian and the Lady, owned and operated by Leo Blondin. In addition to rope spinning, I played the part of an educated Indian chieftain. I played 72 weeks of one-night stands."

He made as much, if not more, money outside of rodeo as he did inside of rodeo. At the Ziegfield Roof (a show following the Follies), Crutchfield appeared on the same bill as Eddie Cantor, Mae West, Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, and Bert Williams. He played New York's Capitol Theater and the Palace in London.

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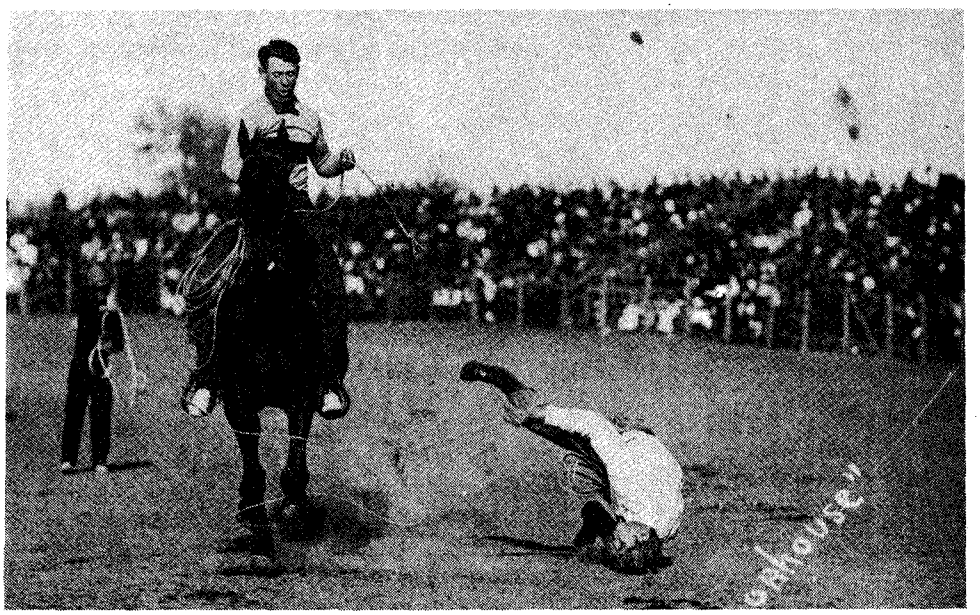

batic trick roper, he could do a number of jumps, rollovers, and somersaults.

C.B. "Charley" Irwin, rodeo and Wild West entrepreneur of Cheyenne, Wyoming, spotted Crutchfield at a Blondin performance and asked him to come to Cheyenne for the 1911 Frontier Days; Irwin invited him back for three consecutive years, 1912–14. Old timers say his act was one of the best ever to appear at Frontier Days.

He was but sixteen years old (in 1906) when he started wearing sideburns "just for the heck of it." Contestants, especially the roping Wiers (Charlie, Bert, and George) from New Mexico, kidded him. One of them would usually say something like, "Crutch, what the hell are you wearing those fly-ladders for?"

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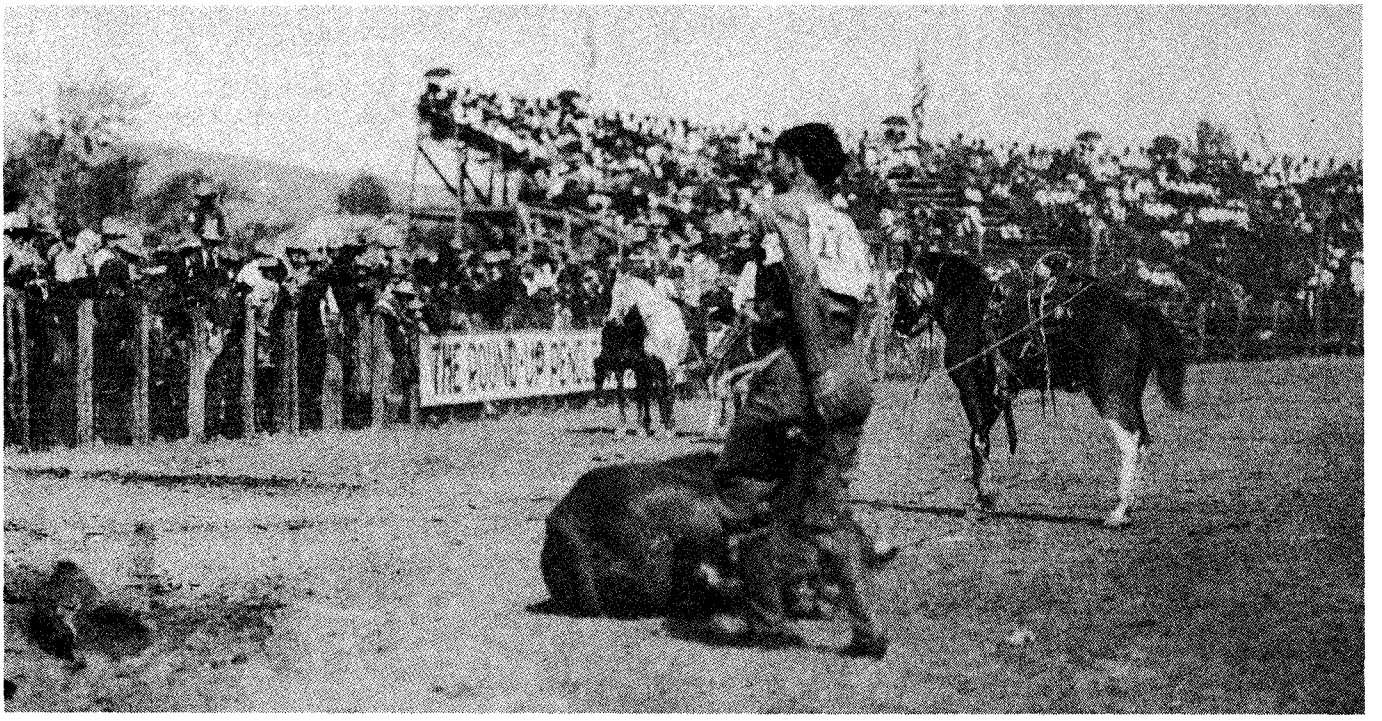
Fred Stone did benefit shows with Crutchfield, who, it appears, was a very generous man. In 1921, aboard the R.M.S. *Imperator*, a Cunard Line ship, Crutchfield performed for fifteen minutes (with other acts) in a "Programme of Entertainment in aid of British & American Seamen's Charities." (The printed program described the charity, the Seamen's Orphan Institution at Liverpool, this way: "founded in 1869 to feed, clothe and educate the destitute or necessitous children of all classes of seamen or seafaring men . . . a very large number of these orphan children have lost their fathers by the perils of the sea.")

In 1915, Will Crutchfield appeared in a silent movie called "The Outlaw Parsons." It might have been the start of another career for him—a movie career—if it had not been for the stock market crash of 1929. Earlier that year, a film company had signed Crutchfield for four pictures. But the company "laid an egg," as the theatrical trade paper, *Variety*, put it, after the crash.

Then or in the very early 1930s, Cuba Island Will more or less retired on a ranch near Reno, Nevada. While living there with his wife, Ann, he died in his sleep October 14, 1969.



Courtesy of National Cowboy Hall of Fame

Crutchfield tries his hand at roping and tripping wild steers at the Pendleton Round-Up, which he worked from 1914–16.

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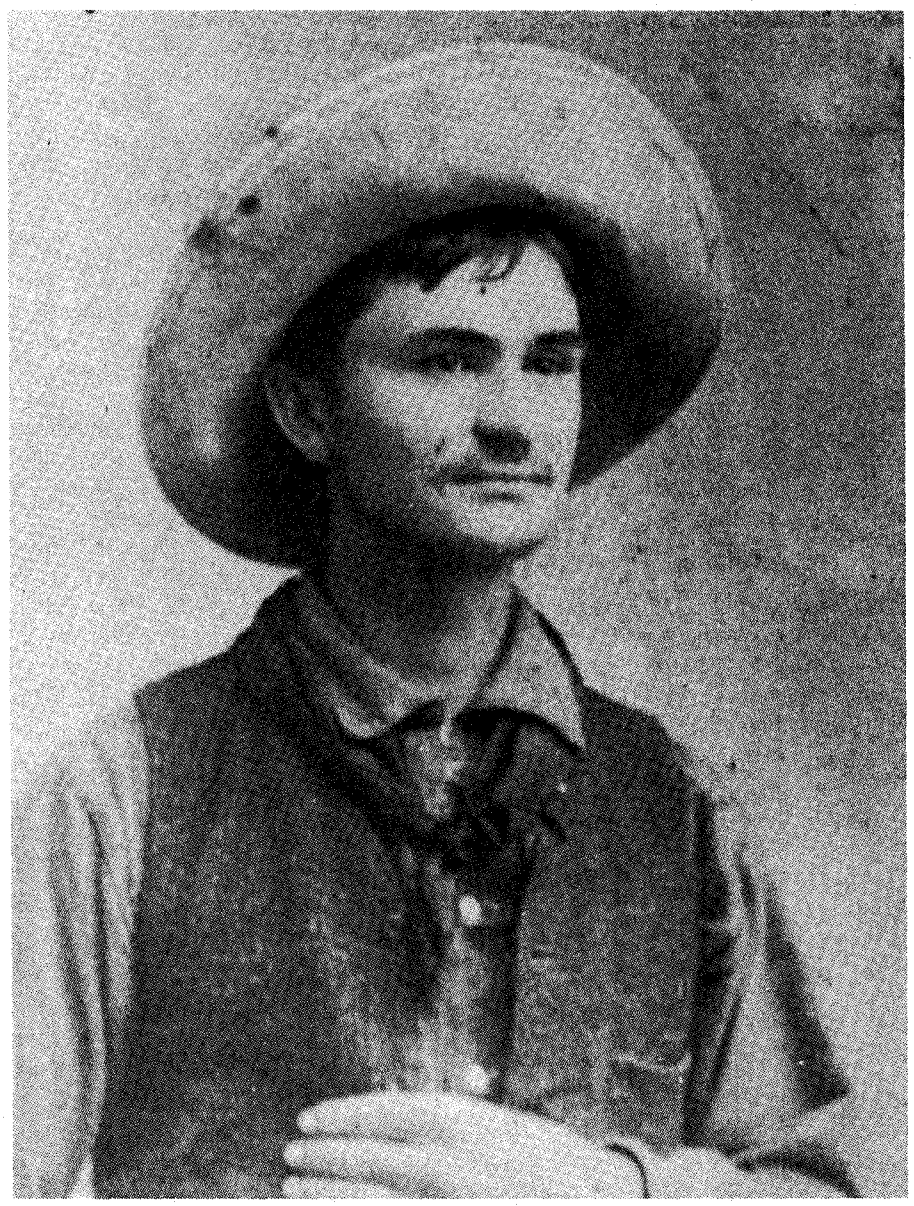
WASHINGTON OR BUST!

One Family's Wagon Train Adventures

By SHERILYN DIETRICH



Author's Photo

Henry C. Brown, who chronicled his family's wagon train trip in 1891, circa 1887–90.

Mrs. Sales was due to have a baby soon; the dust-streaked children's sense of adventure had long since evaporated; the men were cranky from hunger headaches; and the pathetic animals were nearly dead from thirst. This could not have been the way Andrew Brown imagined traveling the high trail to Washington.

It was three o'clock, a searing afternoon of August 6, on the Idaho desert in the year 1891. Since daylight a wagon train headed for Washington State had bumped along the lava rock and sagebrush, some of it so high the oxen, tongues slathered in foam, could scarcely break through. The small band of emigrants were uneasy. If they did not strike water soon, the stock would die and the outfit would be forced to turn back. For Andrew J. Brown, that thought must have been particularly vexing. Just two days before, his son Henry had pointed out the retreating tracks of other discouraged rigs. There was no traveled road across this part of the desert as they had been led to believe in Idaho Falls. If the train continued, Henry had said, there would be a hard time of it. Should they go on? Later, Henry recorded his father's answer.

"We have started this way and I won't turn back."

AS THE TRAIN pulled into camp for a much needed rest, Andrew, at fifty-five years old, must have wondered if he had made a mistake. Mrs. Sales was due to have a baby soon; the dust-streaked children's sense of adventure had long since evaporated; the men were cranky from hunger headaches (no one had eaten since the night before); and of course, the pathetic animals were nearly dead from thirst. This could not have been the way he imagined traveling the high trail to Washington when he decided the previous winter to make one last trip by wagon across the vast western expanse.

Andrew Brown was a man possessed of a restless spirit. Born in 1835 to a family of early Indiana settlers, he first struck out on his own in 1857 for the goldfields of California. Bullwhacking a team across the Great Plains and over the Rockies permanently etched in his memory the sights and sounds destined to pull him forever from his settled roots. After returning home to wed Mary Jane Wood in 1859, he again headed west, first to Missouri, then

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Kansas. Finally in 1883 he reined up in Nebraska. There he built one of the first sodhouses on the Minechacusa River and did his best to become a cattle baron. Eight years of thankless toil, a depressed cattle market, and merciless Nebraska blizzards convinced Andrew the time had come to move on. Come spring he would sell out and pilot one last wagon train over parts of the Oregon Trail to Washington.

Organizing the trip, expected to take five months, took all of the winter of 1890–91. Besides Andrew and his family, signing on were son Henry, Henry's wife Rosa and infant son Charley; Mrs. Renshaw and daughter Laura, who were Rosa's mother and sister; and a family of four called the Fenlings.

EARLY THE morning of May 18, 1891, Nebraska friends and neighbors gathered to bid good-bye to these latter day pioneers. No doubt they would never see one another again, but the momentary sadness of the thought was soon dispelled by cheers of "Washington or bust!" Whips cracked and the wheels of the wagons creaked into motion. The two Fenling boys, astride horses, led the train out of town on an old freight road. Following one after the other were Henry Brown and his team of steers, Mrs. Renshaw and Laura and their horse-drawn wagon, Andrew and daughter Estelle, Mary Jane and daughter Esther in the family buggy, and last was the Fenling wagon. Frank and Ernest Brown, teenage sons of Andrew, drove the loose stock in the rear. Newfoundland dogs, traded from the Sioux, bounded excitedly alongside the outfit.

The trip through Nebraska and Wyoming during May, June, and July had its share of frustrations and problems. Andrew's prized violin had bounced off the wagon and been crushed. Five days out a range bull rammed Henry's wagon and nearly tossed Rosa and the baby into the sagebrush. Everyone was sick of eating bacon, and the women wearied of cooking with cowchips. Mary Jane's mountain fever caused an unexpected three-day layover. Then there were the frightening renegade mountain men who tried to kidnap the girls. Henry, poised with his rifle, drove them off.

Not everything had been discouraging or life-threatening. There had been some fine times on the open trail—the thrill of seeing their first porcupine; the elaborate Fourth of July celebration high in the Rockies, where the prairie-bred emigrants, intoxicated and euphoric on thin mountain air, had danced and sung in celebration of the country's independence and, in some ways, their own. July 10 the Fenling family left the train, but two likeable families, the Pikes and Sales, joined, expanding the outfit to nine wagons, one buggy, and forty head of cattle.

No one had regretted the trip until the sixty-mile arid stretch of sandy desert in Idaho. If Andrew definitely was not turning back, another course of action was necessary. After much discussion, the group decided to send scouts in search of water. Frank Brown and Joe Sales volunteered. Both saddled up and rode into the hot sand and lava dust, agreeing to signal if they found any water by firing rifles in the air from some high point.

Once the scouts rode off, the others rested a bit; then, discouraged, they moved on. The pace was gruellingly slow to conserve the energy of the stock. Henry wrote in his diary that the cattle were "ganted up along with their tongues out, and as though their entrails had been removed. I felt sorry for them."

All eyes squinted toward the horizon. Nothing. Hours went by. Spirits sank.

Author's Photo

Andrew Brown, organizer of the 1891 wagon train trip, and his wife, Mary Jane, circa 1900.

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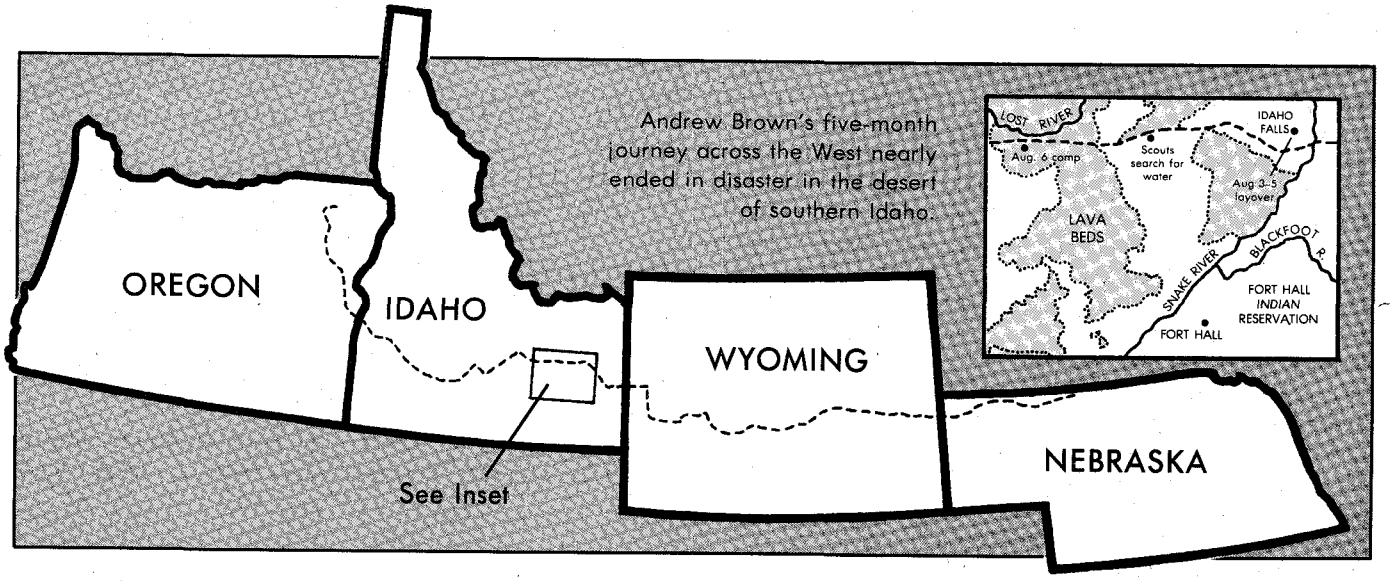

Andrew Brown's five-month journey across the West nearly ended in disaster in the desert of southern Idaho.

No one believed the scouts would ever be seen again, much less that water could be found. The desert would seal their fate.

When it seemed as if this journey through hell would never end, someone spied the scouts, mirage-like, on a knoll from six to eight miles away. Distance had swallowed the rifle shots, but smoke could be seen curling skyward from the barrels. Rousing cheers rose from the wagons, and the men threw their dusty hats in the air. Soon Frank and Joe reined up to say they had found a big river. (Later they would learn it was the Lost River.) Rejoicing, all the drivers turned their teams in the direction the scouts pointed out.

Within four or fives miles, the loose cattle caught the scent of water. Bawling loudly they quickened their pace and galloped past the wagons. Lead wagoneer Henry lost control of his team and unwillingly joined the galloping herd of thirst-crazed animals.

Henry's elation over finding water quickly turned to fear that the uncon-

Author's Photo

The outfit in Elgin, Oregon, where a traveling photographer took its picture. The train moved on to Joseph, Oregon, for the winter.

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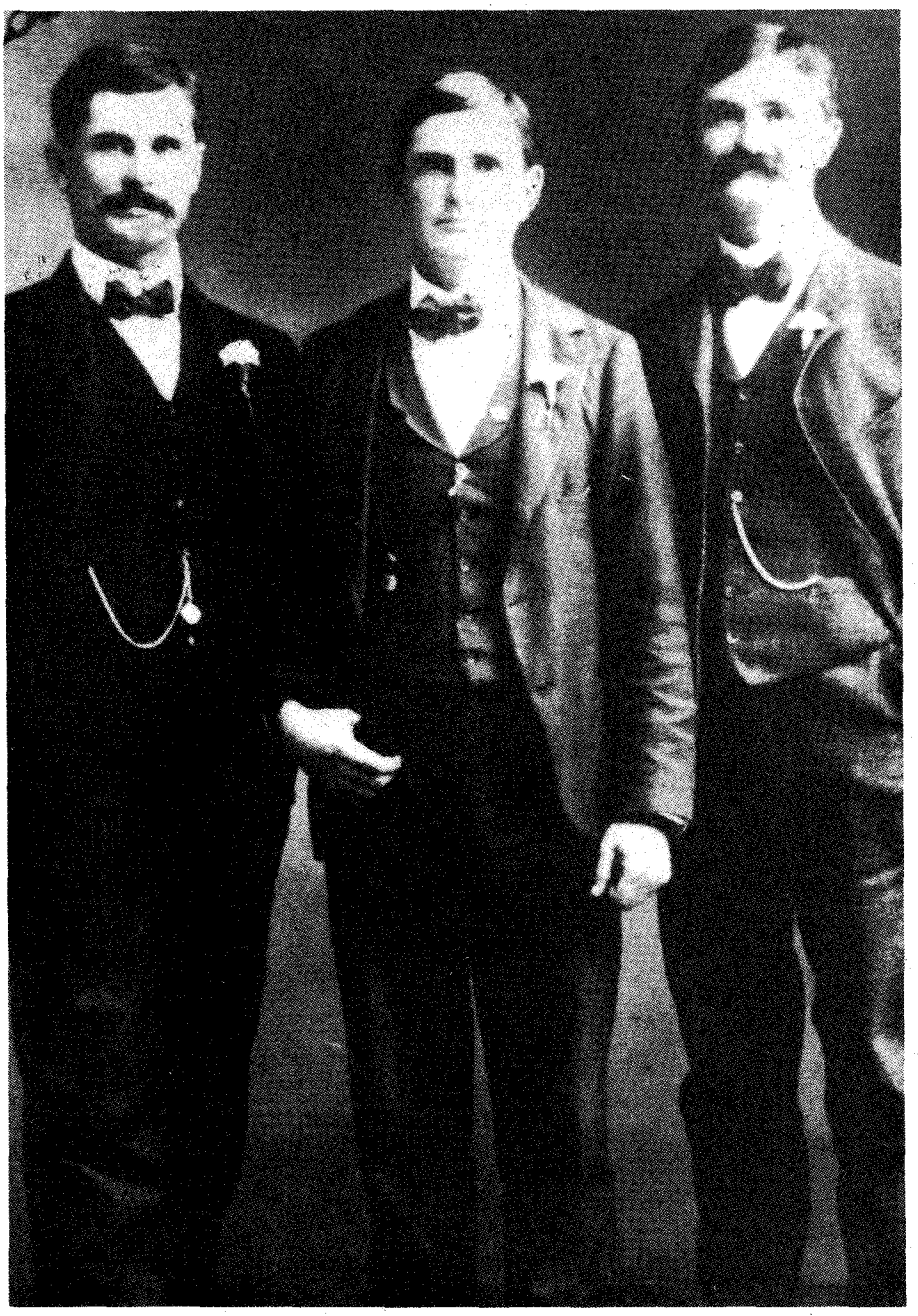
trollable animals would kill themselves racing for the river. Leaping from his wagon and grabbing his whip, he beat his leaders over the nose to stop them. Securing a rope over one steer's horns so he could be controlled, Henry then unyoked his wheelers and turned them loose. He and Rosa walked the leaders to the river.

The scene in and around the river was chaos. Bellowing cattle had plunged into the water, some diving off a five-foot bank. The danger now was in drinking too much water and collapsing. Henry, Rosa, Frank, and Joe worked frantically to drive the cattle out of the river and onto a flat area where they could graze. The younger boys held them there until the rest of the train drove up.



Author's Photo

The three Brown brothers in a reunion, circa 1900: (left to right) Ernest Brown, Frank Brown, and Henry Brown.

Henry's elation over finding water quickly turned to fear that the uncontrollable animals would kill themselves racing for the river. Leaping from his wagon and grabbing his whip, he beat his leaders over the nose to stop them. Securing a rope over one steer's horns, Henry then unyoked his wheelers and turned them loose.

Exhausted from their desert ordeal, Andrew and his band of followers set up camp for two days at the river. All were thankful they had not suffered unduly nor lost any stock. Most importantly, no one turned back. In fact, the train members exulted over having been the first outfit to leave tracks over that part of the desert.

Henry Brown noted in his diary that the rest of the trip was tame by comparison. On August 19 they camped for ten days so Mrs. Sales could have her baby, a boy, and recuperate. When she could travel, the wagons rolled again.

ON SEPTEMBER 15, after taking a ferry across the Snake River, the oxen turned north in Oregon and plodded toward Washington. Unfortunately, the days shortened and snow threatened in the mountains as supplies and good, free pasture became more scarce. The tired group unanimously decided to winter in Oregon.

A farmer just outside of Joseph offered the Brown families the use of two log cabins and a large barn. The Sales and the Pikes moved to Wallowa. Henry summed up everyone's feelings when he wrote, "My, we were all glad when we got stopped for the winter. That was an awfully long and tiresome journey from May 18 to October 30."

The group decided not to press on to Washington the following spring. The arduous trip of the previous year undoubtedly had some bearing on their decision; plus, Oregon's climate and fine farmland proved too enticing. Romance and marriage kept Henry's sister Estelle in Joseph, and Henry eventually moved his family to Cottage Grove. It is unclear where Mrs. Renshaw and Laura finally homesteaded.

However, Washington was still the land of Andrew Brown's dreams. After a few years in Oregon, he, Mary Jane, and their children Frank, Ernest, and Esther, settled on a piece of land in Spokane. Henry later wrote that his father lived there, "until his restless spirit was called to the great beyond." Andrew Brown died in 1911 and was buried in Veradale, a small town outside Spokane.

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Madame Moustache:

It was April 1854. The north-bound Concord Stage pulled up outside the Shasta Hotel in Nevada City, California, and a smartly-attired woman in her early twenties stepped onto Broad Street. Her dancing eyes and adventurous nature caught the attention of everyone nearby. Dusty miners swooped their muddy felt hats across their knees and welcomed her. The dark-haired beauty smiled charmingly, hoisted the hem of her woolen skirt, and rustled into the hotel.

At the desk, she signed the register: Madame Emma (Eleanor) Dumont, of New Orleans—which may or may not have been her true identity. But she was undeniably French, and many of early California's growing French population had come from that city. Signing herself in as madame rather than mademoiselle surely raised some eyebrows, but no one questioned her.

When Dumont opened her own

By MAUREEN BELL

business across the street, however, she surprised everyone. She placed a blue and white sign in front, naming her establishment the *Vingt-et-Un*—twenty-one. This was not only the French name for blackjack; it was also the only game Dumont ever played and dealt throughout her notorious career.

Although the outraged townspeople wagered five-to-one that her saloon wouldn't stay open a week, it was a huge success. The novelty of playing against a lady dealer, and a pretty one at that, appealed to the miners who put their dust on the table. Her parlor, furnished with rugs on the plank floor and candle chandeliers on the ceiling, had an air of elegance. She allowed neither indecent behavior, nor indecent language.

After seeing her gracious manners and the way she ran her saloon, the people of Nevada City gave in; they had to admit that she had culture. She continued to live at the Shasta House, her virtue questioned only by cynics who refused to believe she had no man in her life. But if she did have a man, he never appeared.

By 1855, Nevada City's boom days were over. Word spread that the dig-

The dark-haired beauty smiled charmingly, hoisted the hem of her woolen skirt, and rustled into the hotel.

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Notorious Gambler

gings were all worked out, and although the rumor was not true, it warned the townspeople to save their gold. The *Vingt-et-Un* felt the slump. If not for David Tobin, a card shark and professional gambler, Dumont would have closed up shop.

One night Tobin rolled into town, looked the *Vingt-et-Un* over and liked what he saw. The following day, he and Dumont had joined forces, opening a more elaborate establishment. Tobin handled such games as chuck-a-luck, keno, and faro. Dumont's only demand was that women be banned from the premises.

Tobin knew his business; Madame Dumont had made sure of that. For a time the establishment prospered, but Tobin had ambitions of his own and understood his importance in Dumont's scheme of things. He demanded more. When Dumont refused, Tobin took his share of cash and left. Some say he went to New York City and started a gambling establishment of his own. Madame Dumont stayed on; apparently she thought things would be just fine without him.

But Nevada City's gravel beds and dry diggings had worn thin. In early 1856, Dumont moved to Columbia, California, and set up her vingt-et-un table in George Foster's City Hotel, where the food and stock of wines and liquors were the best in town. Although her stay in Columbia was prosperous, it was a hard, aging life. When she sought to soften it by being generous to the unfortunate, rumor spread that she was an easy touch.

Word of the Comstock had spread by 1860 and Dumont moved to Virginia City, Nevada. Little is known of her there. Presumably she gambled, but while it was the custom of professional gamblers to insert a small paid advertisement in the *Enterprise*, her name never appeared. Why she made no impression on this boomtown is a mystery.

In September 1861, Dumont moved to eastern Nevada. The *Pioche Record* noted her arrival and added that "the noted lady gambler has engaged space in Handsome Jack McKnight's popular emporium and will be found there nightly from now on. If you enjoy a fast game of twenty-one, pay the little lady a visit."

The novelty of playing against a lady dealer, and a pretty one at that, appealed to the miners who put their dust on the table. Her parlor, furnished with rugs on the plank floor and candle chandeliers on the ceiling, had an air of elegance. She allowed neither indecent behavior, nor indecent language.

The town of Pioche was a rough one. Wild men came in from the Ely Mountains to fight but they liked Madame Dumont, and while in her presence seemed to forget the violence that swirled about them. Dumont had not been in Pioche long when the *Record* mentioned her again. She had confronted an angry mob of miners on their way to wreak vengeance on the Mexicans who had replaced them. With her charm and good sense, Dumont made the miners realize that their quarrel was with the owners of the Pioche Con, not with the Mexicans.

Pioche became the turning point in Emma Dumont's life, for there she fell in love with and married Jack McKnight. Perhaps tired of the nightlife she had lived for the past ten years, she bought a ranch in eastern Nevada and moved there with him. But ranch life did not appeal to McKnight. Besides, he had only married Dumont for her money. He slyly stole her fortune and deserted her. All she had left was the ranch, which was a liability rather than an asset.

The shock of desertion left a profound change in Eleanor Dumont. Until then, records indicate that she had a fresh, girl-like beauty and vivacity. Now her features coarsened. A growth of dark hair appeared on her upper lip. One day a miner, disillusioned by her beauty, dubbed her "Madame Moustache." Thus, she became known for the rest of her life.

Madame Dumont's descent into obscurity was gradual. In 1866, three years after McKnight had deserted her, she was in Fort Benton, Montana. Fort

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When word came that the steamboat W.D. Dance *was coming up the Missouri with smallpox aboard, she led a group of men to the riverbank and, at pistol point, forbade the boat to land. After a few tense moments, the captain swung the boat around and retreated downriver to Cow Island. He stayed there until all aboard were free of the disease.*

Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri River, was booming. Gold had been discovered in quantity in Alder Gulch in June 1863, and Virginia City, Montana, had grown to a population of fifteen thousand. Fort Benton, once only a fur-trading post, now boasted itself as the great inland seaport of America.

Dumont did so poorly there that she turned from gambling to prostitution, operating her own brothel and offering herself to the trade along with her "girls." Although fat and fortyish, drinking heavily and unquestionably going downhill, Dumont retained the respect of the town. When word came that the steamboat *W.D. Dance* was coming up the Missouri with smallpox aboard, she led a group of men to the riverbank and, at pistol point, forbade the boat to land. After a few tense moments, the captain swung the boat around and retreated downriver to Cow Island. He stayed there for four weeks until all aboard were free of the disease.

For five years after leaving Fort Benton, Madame Moustache wandered from one Montana mining camp to another. She had lost her youth, her freshness, and the very qualities that had made her unique. More and more toughs were flooding into the hills and none of them wanted a woman cutting into their profit. New camps did not give her the deference she considered her due.

At one point, she maintained an establishment in Bannock, Montana, with her vingt-et-un on the first floor and a brothel on the second. One of her upstairs "boarders" may have been a fifteen-year-old named Martha Jane Cannary, also known as Calamity Jane.

While in Bannock, word came over the Bitter Root Range that a bonanza had been uncovered at Salmon, Idaho. Although no more than twenty-five miles away as the crow flies, the only way to reach Salmon was by way of Monida Pass, a 200-mile journey. It was

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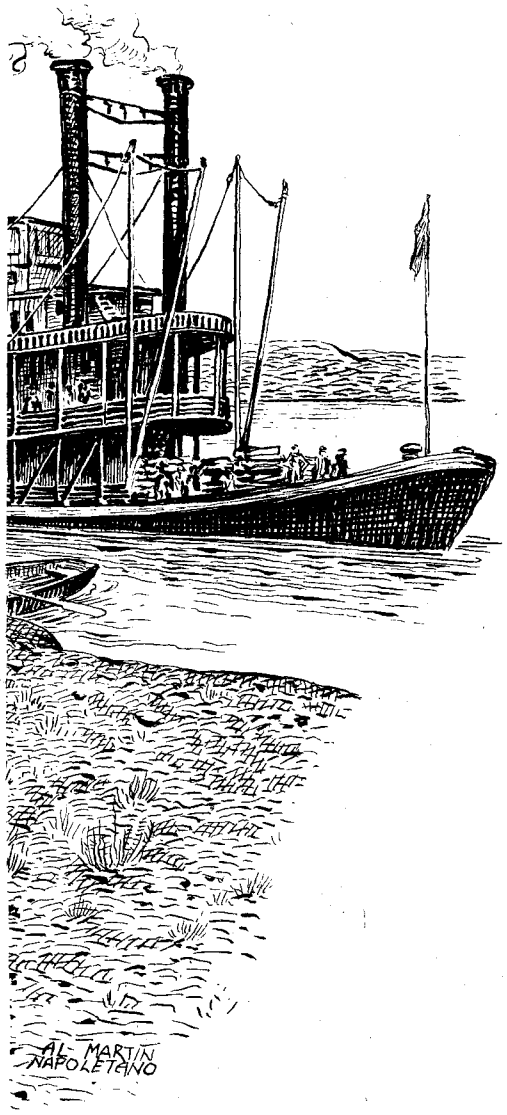

late spring, but snow still made coach travel in the high county impossible. Oliver & Co. managed to get them through, however, and the pioneers from Bannock reached Salmon just in time to stake claims along the Salmon River.

The Salmon River Mining District soon petered out and Dumont traveled on to Lewiston and from there to the Coeur d'Alenes, on to Murray and Eagle City and Idaho City—a dozen places. She followed the construction camps of the Union Pacific Railroad and went to the Black Hills of South Dakota, eventually arriving in Deadwood. What kept her going wasn't gold, but the hope that sooner or later she would cut Jack McKnight's trail. She kept a pistol in her pocket, always prepared for that moment. But as she traveled, heart-broken and penniless, she realized she would never find him.

She moved back to Nevada in 1877, and set up a brothel in Eureka. Gamblers and bartenders who had known Dumont in happier days befriended her. Some of them had known McKnight, but they couldn't tell her where he had gone. An old-time barroom "professor" (piano player), whom she had met in Columbia, advised her to get a reading from the Washo Seeress. She told Dumont that McKnight was somewhere in California—which took in a lot of territory.

On May 29, 1878, the Bodie, California, *Weekly Standard* mentioned Eleanor Dumont. "After visiting nearly every camp in Montana, Idaho, and Nevada, Madame Moustache, whose real name is Eleanor Dumont, has settled for a time in Bodie, following her old avocation of dealing twenty-one. Probably no woman on the Pacific Coast is better known. She has been in a great many of the camps when at their height of prosperity and excitement and remained until there hardly was a dog there to wail out the dismal story of their desertion. She appears as young as ever, and those who knew her ever so many years ago would instantly recognize her now."

While sympathetic, the article, according to other reports, exaggerated her appearance. Madame Eleanor Dumont's moustache was now in striking contrast to her pallid and aging skin. Her beauty had diminished. She lived in a wooden shack, in the most glamorous and notorious of Bodie's "Red Light" districts, where the two main streets were aptly named Maiden Lane and Virgin Alley. She frequented the saloons nightly and dressed in the gaudy style of the day. Yet skill and fortune failed her; Madame Moustache lived in poverty, borrowing money for food and caring little for her appearance, surroundings, or friends.

A year after her arrival in Bodie, Eleanor Dumont had "hit bottom." Alone, unattractive, and forgotten, she believed she had no future.

On September 8, 1879, she made the newspaper one last time. "The cold remains of Eleanor Dumont, also known as Madame Moustache, were found this morning, a bottle of poison nearby." When it appeared that Madame Dumont would have to be buried at the county's expense and interred in the "outcast's cemetery," where Bodie buried its prostitutes, saloons raised money to bury Eleanor Dumont in consecrated ground farther up the hill.

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Exiled in Canada

"I Am Looking to the North for My Life:" Sitting Bull, 1876–1881, by Joseph Manzione. (University of Utah Press, 101 University Services Building, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112. $17.50 cloth bound.)

After their famous clash with the United States military at the Little Bighorn, Sitting Bull led many of the Sioux into exile in Canada. After four years of gradual starvation and dwindling power, the headman led a tattered remnant of his following into surrender at Fort Buford. This critical chapter in the long struggle of the Sioux to preserve their autonomy has been neglected by both popular and academic historians. At last it is receiving some of the attention it deserves.

Manzione's interest in the affair was as a "diplomatic event," and in that light his treatment is largely successful. *"I Am Looking to the North for My Life"* provides intelligent insight into the military and diplomatic sparring that highlighted Sitting Bull's years in Canada, and the media and public response to the problem.

The best documentation for the Sioux flight to Canada is diplomatic correspondence, records of the U.S. military and the North West Mounted Police, and newspaper reports. This is where Manzione's emphasis solidly lies, but he seems to have disregarded many of the lesser primary sources. Although his use of the main sources has been successful in many ways, the result is not broad enough in its scope to be considered a well-rounded account of Sitting Bull's years in Canada.

Manzione's understanding of events on the Canadian side of the border is often flawed. His statement, to pinpoint just one example, that Sitting Bull's "position as leader of the [Indian] confederacy had been usurped by the Cree headmen Big Bear and Poundmaker" is clearly unacceptable, not only because it displays a fundamental lack of understanding of the relationships among the various tribal groups on the Canadian prairies at that time, but also because, as the author points out, such a confederacy simply did not exist. It is a statement colored by the prevalent public opinion of the late 1870s.

The author's assessment of the general role of the Mounted Police, and his comparison of this to the role of the U.S. military in the American West, is accurate and perceptive. Although his treatment of the military's part in the affair is often provocative, his account of the part played by the police is inadequate. The police were indeed, as were the U.S. military, chess pieces of their governments; but they were a long way from the hand that directed them, and they were chess pieces with minds of their own. Manzione only hints at the complex character of James Walsh, whose arrogance, compassion, ideals, powers of persuasion, and personal ambition were a major influence upon Sitting Bull and the other Sioux refugees.

Manzione's depiction of the Sioux is disappointing. In fact, the book is more concerned with the government, military, and public reaction to the Sioux than it is with the Sioux. The only way to accurately represent the Sioux point of view is through careful consideration of oral tradition, a perceptive distillation of records kept by white observers, and a thorough understanding of Dakota culture. Manzione seems to have made little real effort to probe Sitting Bull's character, and the other Sioux leaders are simply cardboard cutouts. The author frequently makes unsound statements about the Sioux and other Indian groups. We are sometimes given an inaccurate impression of the "Sioux" as a nation under the dictatorial control of a single leader—much as the nineteenth century public saw them—despite the author's claims to the contrary.

Particularly disappointing is Manzione's apparent acceptance of Edwin Allison's account of the surrender of Sitting Bull and Gall. Such an extensive treatment of Allison's story should not have been given without at least acknowledging that the Sioux denied many of the incidents Allison described, and considered him, bluntly, a liar.

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Allison's account contradicts most of the evidence, and that he played any role at all seems highly disputable.

Still, Manzione's book goes a long way toward filling the gap in scholarship on this long-neglected episode. It is certainly successful as an insight into the American public's concept of Manifest Destiny, and into the burgeoning diplomatic relations between a young Canada and a century-old Union.—*Bruce Wishart, Brandon, Manitoba.*

Chinese Massacre

Incident at Bitter Creek, The Story of the Rock Springs Chinese Massacre, by Craig Storti. (Iowa State University Press, 2121 South State Avenue, Ames, Iowa 50010. $21.95 cloth bound.)

On September 2, 1885, coal miners in Rock Springs, Wyoming, attacked the local Chinatown, killed over forty inhabitants, burned eighty cabins, and drove more than 500 Chinese out into the Wyoming winter. The massacre ignited violent anti-Chinese demonstrations along the Pacific Coast, brought angry anti-American Chinese mobs into the streets of Canton, China, and forced President Grover Cleveland—for the first time in American history—to dispatch the army to quell domestic unrest.

The Chinese were heroic workers but were obvious targets for racism and violence. They came into this country with the dream of making enough money to return to China, where they could live out their lives in financial comfort: they made no attempt to learn English or become integrated into American society; they chose to live in segregated Chinatowns; they performed any lowly task at wages Americans refused to accept, saved their money for their return to China, and did not spend it back into local economies. The Chinese would not go out on strike so they were used as replacement work forces—"scabs"—to replace men who tried to form unions by using strike tactics.

This is the story of the confrontation between the Union Pacific Railway and coal miners in Wyoming over control of the richest coalfields west of the Missouri. Jay Gould, controlling stockholder and chairman of the board, brought the Chinese into Rock Springs to mine coal for the Union Pacific because they would work for less than any other labor force. Gould, when he died in 1892, had $100 million and a reputation as the most hated man in the United States due to his harsh business dealings with stockholders, the federal government, and his own workers.

As a writer and writing instructor, Craig Storti gives his readers an excellent historical background for the massacre of the Chinese at Bitter Creek. He has carefully researched the book

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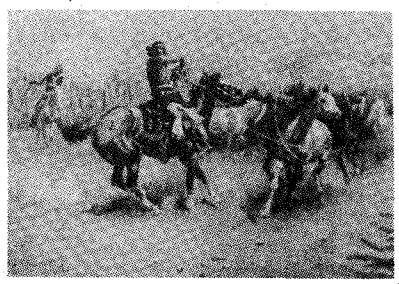

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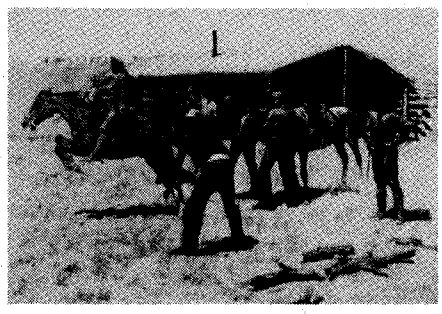

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and tells a good story, managing to avoid the irrelevant, dry-as-dust minutiae favored in many historical works.

One flaw in this book—there are no maps. Basic maps showing the location of Rock Springs, Wyoming, the route of the Union Pacific, and Wyoming's immense coal fields would have enhanced the text.

I enjoyed this book and closed the covers satisfied that I had acquired a block of knowledge which fits into the major forces and events that make up this complex subject known as western history.—*Joanna Sampson, Boulder, Colorado.*

Tribal Removal

Pawnee Passage, by Martha Royce Blaine. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019. $27.95 cloth bound.)

This book does not start off with a bang, but as you read along, it sneaks up on you . . . it grabs you and won't let go. It is more than a book on the Pawnee tribal removal from Nebraska to Indian Territory, it is a mood setter, explaining the chaos, confusion, and suffering these people in transition felt.

The title is really misleading, for Martha Royce Blaine writes of more than the tribe's removal. She artfully presents bits and pieces of tribal history, customs, legends, and beliefs as old as the Pawnees themselves.

The book is laced with stories told by Pawnees, whose memories of the events give the tales a dramatic and emotional element. The stories recall old battles, sagas of everyday life, and the freedoms felt and loved before the coming of the white man.

The story of the tribe's removal is well documented and interestingly told. It gives the reader a true understanding of the lack of control the Pawnees had over their own lives and depicts the suffering, starvation, and hardships they suffered.

The authority with which Martha Royce Blaine writes comes after years of study and close association with the Pawnee tribe. Her late husband, Garland J. Blaine, was the head chief of the Pawnees. Martha Blaine's knowledge, reinforced by her husband's reminiscences, makes this an interesting and informative book—a book that will bring enjoyment and education to the western history buff as well as the casual Western history reader.—*Angie Irons, Ponca City, Oklahoma.*

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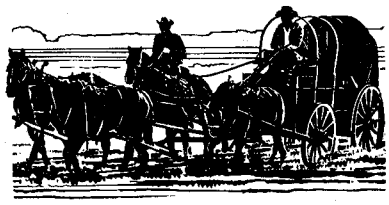

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Stock Detective Tom Horn vs.

By BILL O'NEAL

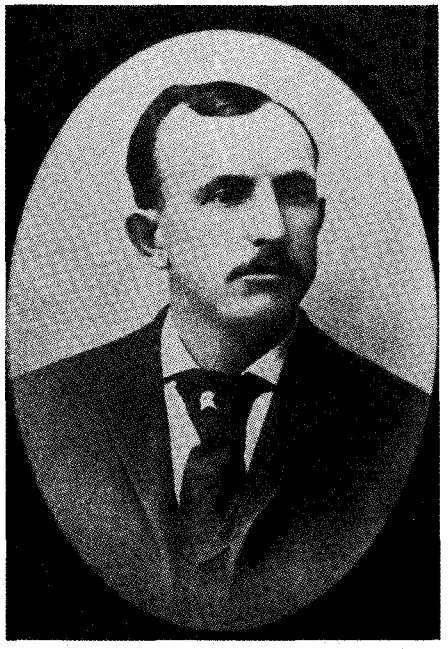
In 1894 the Swan Land and Cattle Company out of Wyoming hired Tom Horn as a "range rider," or stock detective. For the next several years Horn worked for big Wyoming ranches, searching for rustlers and earning a reputation as a cold-blooded killer.

Born in 1860, Tom was reared on a Missouri farm where he loved hunting, fishing, and outdoor life. He was an habitual truant and after a whipping from his father, the rebellious fourteen-year-old ran away to the West. He worked variously as a railroad laborer, teamster, stagecoach driver, and cowboy. By 1876 he was employed in Arizona by famed army scout Al Sieber, and in 1885 Horn succeeded Sieber as civilian chief of scouts. Horn was an important figure in the final capture of Geronimo, although he did not play as significant a role as he later claimed.

During the next few years Horn served as a deputy under Arizona sheriffs Buckey O'Neill and Glen Reynolds, occasionally worked a gold claim, and competed in rodeos, once winning a steer-roping contest in Phoenix. From 1890 to 1894, Horn worked as a Pinkerton detective out of Denver.

During his first year as a range rider, Horn single-handedly captured six rustlers with seven stolen beeves. Horn turned his captives over to authorities in Laramie. All were tried but five won their freedom and the sixth received a pardon shortly after arriving in prison. This failure of justice apparently made a strong impression on Horn, who soon earned a reputation for killing rustlers who refused to leave the country.

Through the years Horn worked closely with John C. Coble, who ran the Iron Mountain Cattle Company northwest of Cheyenne. When William Lewis, an English immigrant who held a 160-acre homestead near the Iron Mountain ranch, bragged about stealing Iron Mountain cattle, he got a warning to pull out. Then, in August 1895, Lewis' corpse was found on the range, hit by three bullets fired from over 300 yards away. It was widely rumored that Horn had killed Lewis.



Arizona Historical Society

"Whenever anything else fails," explained the lethal stock detective Tom Horn, "I have a system that never does."

Not long after Lewis' death, Fred Powell received a warning to leave Wyoming. One of Lewis' known confederates, Powell had a homestead about ten miles away near Horse Creek. Defiantly, Powell invited cowboys from the nearby KYT Ranch to come to his place for a supper of their own beef. Soon a rider shot Powell to death, and those who saw the big assassin were wise enough not to identify Tom Horn.

Horn now cultivated his image as a lethal gunman. He was a tall, powerful man who weighed more than 200 pounds. When not investigating stock thefts, he worked cattle. He always carried a forty-foot lariat and liked to show off his roping skills. Horn usually packed a revolver along with a rifle, and he also readily demonstrated his marksmanship. He often had tin cans tossed into the air, and would drill them twice with revolver bullets before they hit the ground. Horn also enjoyed drinking in a good saloon in Cheyenne, Laramie, or Denver. He drank heavily and when drunk, boasted about his murders and gunfights. Much of his drunken boasting was classic frontier exaggeration, but this murderous braggadocio added to his sinister reputation.

Horn roamed widely through Wyoming and Colorado. The range was mostly fenced, but he would be out for a week or two at a time, riding through the vast "pastures" of his employers, and checking the much smaller pastures of "nesters" who were likely to brand mavericks or rustle branded cattle. Horn sometimes spent the night with the very men whose pastures he would check, although customarily he tried to stay out of sight, riding cross-country rather than on public roads.

Although he skulked from ranch to ranch, no one ordered him off their ranges. It is likely that Horn's chilling reputation greatly facilitated his work, persuading rustlers who received warnings to leave the country rather than risk a visit by the mysterious rider with a deadly rifle.

Gov. William A. Richards owned a large number of cattle in the Big Horn country, and interviewed Horn in the Wyoming Stock Growers Association office about finding a solution to the rustling problem.

"WHENEVER anything else fails," Horn said, "I have a system that never does." Horn elaborated and said there should be no limit on the number of men who might have to be eliminated. Governor Richards became uncomfortable and halted the meeting.

After Horn had politely excused himself, Richards exclaimed to WSGA President Charles A. Penrose, "So that is Tom Horn! A very different man from what I expected to meet. Why, he is not bad looking, and is quite intelligent; but a cool devil, ain't he?"

Horn interrupted his range riding to join the army during the Spanish-American War, serving in Cuba as a chief mule packer. When he returned to Wyoming, big ranchers, increasingly

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Rustlers

pressured by nesters and sheepmen, welcomed him back.

In 1900 Horn went into Brown's Park in the northwestern corner of Colorado, a notorious haunt for outlaws and rustlers. Even there, he proved formidable. He later bragged that he "stopped cow stealing there in one summer."

Indeed, within three months Horn had assassinated two suspected rustlers in the Brown's Park area. On July 8, 1900, Matt Rash stepped outside his cabin and was staggered by three rifle bullets. A fourth round killed his sorrel mare. While Horn raced off to establish an alibi in Denver, Rash stumbled inside and collapsed on his cot. He dipped a finger in his own blood and tried to write on an envelope, but he died before he could make any legible markings.

On October 3 Horn established a sniper's position 200 yards from the cabin of "Nigger Isom" Dart, a black cowboy whom Horn's employers suspected of rustling. After eating breakfast, Dart and five friends emerged from the cabin and walked toward the corral. Horn fired two rounds from his .30-30 rifle, and Dart fell dead from a head wound. Dart's companions fled inside, where they cowered all day before sneaking away after dark. Two days later a heavily armed party rode up and buried Dart.

The next year Kels Nickell angered Horn's employers by bringing sheep into the Iron Mountain area. Horn invesigated the contentious Nickell, and when Kels' fourteen-year-old son Willie was slain by a concealed rifleman, it was widely assumed that Horn had shot the boy by mistake. Although a member of a neighboring family may well have been the culprit, detective Joe LeFors obtained a controversial confession from Horn. Following a landmark trial, Horn was executed in Cheyenne in 1903. Even though Horn may have been hanged for a crime he did not commit, his murderous career as a range rider had come to an end.

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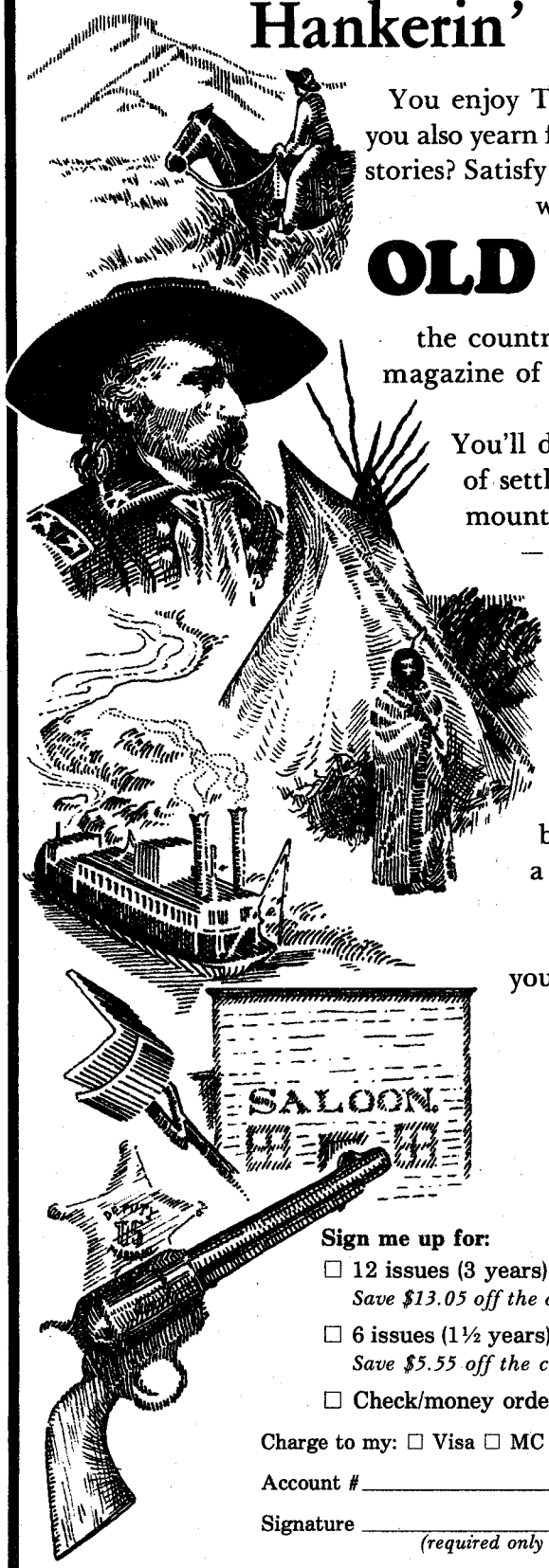

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Trails Grown Dim

Magness

I would like to hear from the descendants of, or anyone with information about, Dr. Benjamin A. Magness, born about 1832 in North Carolina. He was the son of Joseph Magness and "Hettie" Beam. He had three brothers, David Beam, Perry, and James, all born in North Carolina.

Dr. Magness was single when he lived in Rusk, Cherokee County, Texas, in 1860. In 1870 he; his wife, Mary (born about 1844 in Georgia); and their daughters, Mary and Amanda, lived in Hood County, Texas. He was still in Hood County in 1880 with a second wife, Rachel (born about 1845 in Texas), and two children, Hettie and Benjamin. I have no knowledge of the family after 1880. Thank you.—**Jan Stubblefield, 6315 Dollarway Road, Box 2, Pine Bluff, Arkansas 71602.**

Chadwick

I am seeking information on Delavan Chadwick and John Chester Chadwick. Delavan was my great-great-grandfather. He was born in 1820, and buried October 20, 1875, in Burnet County, Texas. On September 1, 1931, his body was moved to Bluffton, Texas.

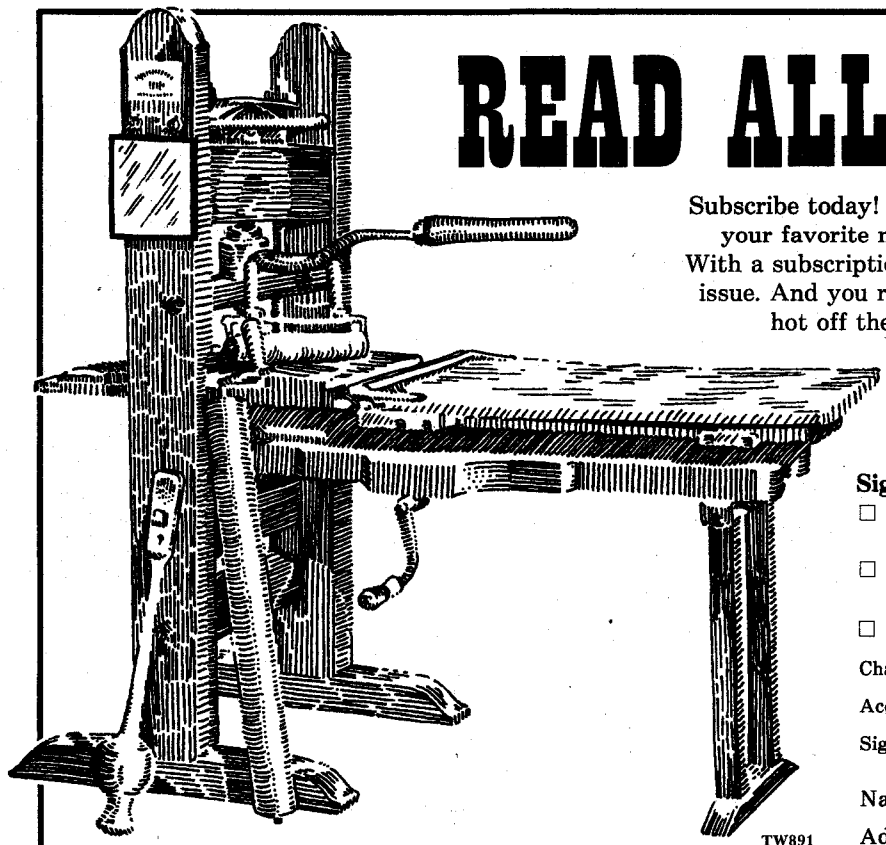
He was married to Clemenza Davis. They had nine children. Clemenza is buried in Menard, Texas.

Delavan's nephew, John Chester Chadwick, was born August 27, 1844, and died in 1863 in the Civil War. We have information about John Chester before he joined the army. We cannot verify anything after that. I will answer any letters about the Chadwicks.—**Vera Chadwick Mitcham, P.O. Box 492, Sterling City, Texas 76951-0492.**

Poteet

I am searching for my family history in the area of Mexia, Navasota, Corsicana, Paris, Wortham, Gonzales, and Poteet, Texas. I would like to know who the founder of Poteet, Texas, was as I think we must be kinfolk. Our family names are Poteet, Neville, DeWhitt,

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.



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Green, Longbotham, Watt, McNeil, and Rogers. I believe I had a relative named Pete Poteet, who was a trail boss. I will exchange information.—**Lailah Poteet Freeman, Route 1, Box 253B, Dayton, Texas 77535**

Downey

I am looking for information on my great-grandfather William Downey, born in Ohio in 1833. He lived for several years in Octagon, Wabash Township, Tippecanoe County, Indiana, about ten miles northwest of Lafayette, Indiana. His father's name was John Downey. He married Eliza Pogue in 1855 at Lafayette, and died at Cambridge, Nebraska, in 1904.

William served in the Civil War with Company F, 150th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. I would appreciate any information on this group of Downeys.—**William G. Downey, 1613 Avenue O, Scottsbluff, Nebraska 69361.**

Baker-Huffhines-Williams

Thomas H. Baker, born in Missouri, had a number of children by two marriages. The first was to Margaret S. Hale, the second to Adalaide Porter. He married the latter at Brandon, Mississippi, December 9, 1867. His children included David P., William H. (who moved to Grant County, New Mexico), and Lizzie, who married Thomas Williams.

Thomas had two brothers, P.S. and Carroll Baker, living in Center View, Johnson County, Missouri, in 1896. Thomas died March 1, 1883, at McGregor, Texas. David Baker lived for some time in Coryell County, Texas, and was there in the early 1900s.

Thomas Williams was the son of Enoch Williams and Emeline Howard. Enoch married Emeline in Stone County, Missouri, and they had nine children: Harriett, Ellen, Sanford, Thomas, Elijah, Benjamin, Elizabeth, Fannie, and Laura. About 1847–1848 the family moved to Caldwell County, Texas, but many of them later, about 1867, moved to Newton County, Missouri, where Ben married Carrie Pool. Laura married William Huffhines and moved to Dallas County, Texas.—**Dave Johnson, 6918 Hoover Road, Indianapolis, Indiana 46260.**

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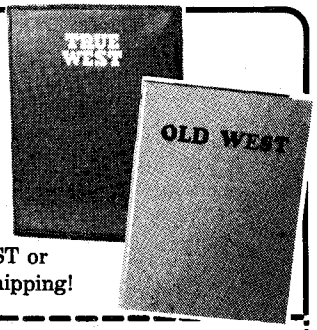

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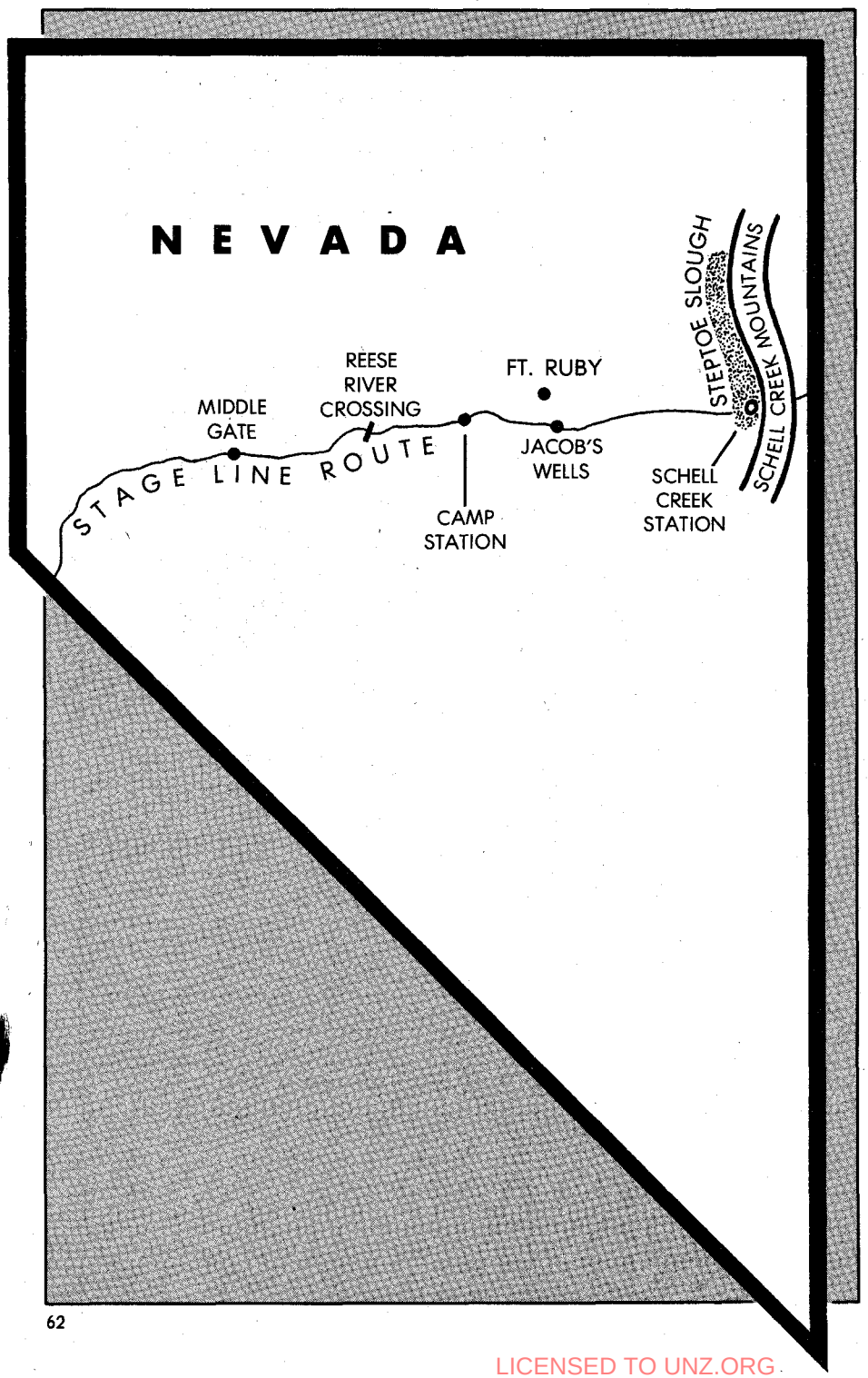
Steptoe Slough

Nevada's Bog of Frustration

By ANGIE IRONS



Anyone traveling across Nevada in the 1860s just naturally expected some discomfort and frustration. But no one, not even hardened stage drivers, was prepared for the gut wrenching, aggravating, and frustrating Steptoe Slough.

Indians had known about the slough for years, but settlers first became aware of it around 1860 when the Butterfield Overland Mail began developing its route across Nevada. One of the line's first westbound stage stops was Schell Creek Station. A short distance from this station lay the marshy lowland known as Steptoe Slough.

AT FIRST the slough was not particularly troublesome except after one of Nevada's infrequent rain storms. The stages always had to slow down a bit while crossing the slushy ground, but other than that Steptoe Slough went fairly unnoticed.

Not until later in the decade did travelers notice the slough was softening. It was growing, too, becoming larger as it sucked up the annual runoff from the nearby Schell Creek Mountains. Travel over the slough was becoming harder.

Then the winter of 1868–69 hit, and it was a wet one. The mountain water runoff rushed into Steptoe Slough, transforming its soft ground into a sea of mud, forming a swamp three miles wide. Murky water six inches deep rode the mud top, hiding the dangerous, sucking, clay mud bottom.

The new swamp brought the stagecoaches to a halt. Stage drivers and passengers alike disembarked from the coaches to stare disbelieving at the quivering mire stretched before them. Grizzled stage drivers took one look at the oozing swamp and blanched; there was no way that treacherous mud bottom could support a horse. Grumbling, the drivers turned back to their

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coaches—if the passengers wanted to get across that swamp, they would just have to walk.

What those first few passengers did as they plied their way across Steptoe Slough could hardly be called walking. It was more like a goose waddle, punctuated with frequent falls and loud cursing as the mud pulled at the struggling men. That first crossing in the fresh swamp was exhausting, taking nearly a full day.

News of the irksome slough traveled fast, and the stage line soon worked out a new system. Passengers would get out on the east side of the swamp, and stages from Fort Ruby or Jacob's Wells would be waiting for them on the west side. Just how to cross the sticky slough was discreetly left up to the hapless passenger.

Before long, the passengers were hiring the friendly Indians in the area to haul their baggage across the three miles of hell. The sticky mud and exhaustive trip was hard enough on the men, but for the women, with their long skirts and dresses, it was near impossible. The Indians quickly set about rectifying their predicament.

They cut two stout poles about ten feet long and laid them on the ground some two feet apart. They tied a couple of gunny sacks tightly between the poles, making a seat. There, the wary woman sat with her legs between the poles. Indian braves would grasp the ends of the poles and in unison lift them to their shoulders. With the woman screeching and holding onto her wobbly perch for dear life, they would step into the mirey swamp. Closely resembling the sedans used to carry the ancient Egyptian pharoahs, the ungainly carry-seats were accordingly dubbed "Steptoe Sedans."

It sounds humorous now, but at the time it was deadly serious. Once into that swamp there was no place to stop and rest. Occupants of the sedans were subject to frequent spillings, and putting them back in the chairs usually required the strength of all the unencumbered men in the company. The women's long dresses and skirts nearly became death traps, heavy with mud. The prospects were fearful, especially if a woman had a newborn child in her arms.

Once inside the swamp, the travelers usually strung out, each moving out at his own pace. The sedan chairs normally went first, followed by a line of Indians bearing baggage strapped to their backs. Then came the men, some of them with young children riding on their shoulders.

They yanked, pulled, and slipped across the hateful swamp, beating off swarms of insects as they went. As summer wore on, the swamp began to stink of stagnant water.

Cursing was a normal part of the crossing; travelers seemed to swear from the moment they first laid eyes on the swamp until they pulled their exhausted, mud-covered bodies up on the far side. Triumphantly they stepped from the swamp, slinging mud and epithets. That was not the end of it, though. The mud stuck to every body and bag and even to the stagecoach interior.

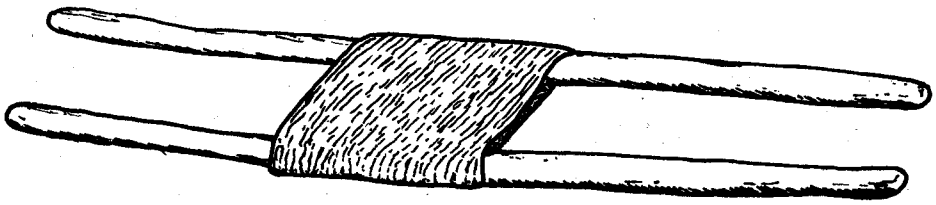
TO MAKE MATTERS worse, the stages from the west were often late—hours late. It was a pitiful, frustrated group of stinking passengers that disembarked at the next stop, each hollering for a bath.

Passengers were not the only ones to suffer. The stages sometimes carried heavy freight and the freight began piling up on the east side of Steptoe Slough. Normally the stage employees were diehards and would have gotten that heavy freight across Steptoe Slough at any cost. But the railroad was coming and morale was down. Everyone knew that the steel rails spelled death for the stage lines.

With such low morale, the yawning barrier of Steptoe Slough was just too much for the stage line employees. Work slowed to a standstill. One startled passenger making his way to California reported seeing four hundred bags of mail piled up at Schell Creek Station, on the east side of the slough, just waiting to be transported across.

He estimated that the pile of mail weighed a staggering twenty-one tons and there was little probability that it could be moved in less than twelve weeks. Such work fell mostly to friendly Indians. For weeks they staggered across the slough with bulging bags of mail strapped to their backs.

By the end of 1869, Steptoe Slough began drying up. Passengers and mail moved more easily. Then the railroad moved in, and the need for the stage line across Steptoe Slough died. Thus the dangers and frustration of crossing Steptoe Slough ended, fading only to a hateful memory for those who made that fearful 1869 crossing.



Author's Illustration

A Steptoe Sedan consisted of a burlap seat tied between two poles. Women sat on the seat with their legs between the poles. Indians carried sedan and passenger across the muddy slough.

News of the irksome slough traveled fast, and the stage line soon worked out a new system. Passengers would get out on the east side of the swamp, and stages from Fort Ruby or Jacob's Wells would be waiting for them on the west side. Just how to cross the sticky slough was discreetly left up to the hapless passenger.

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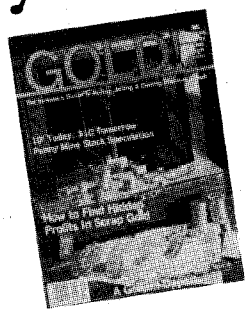

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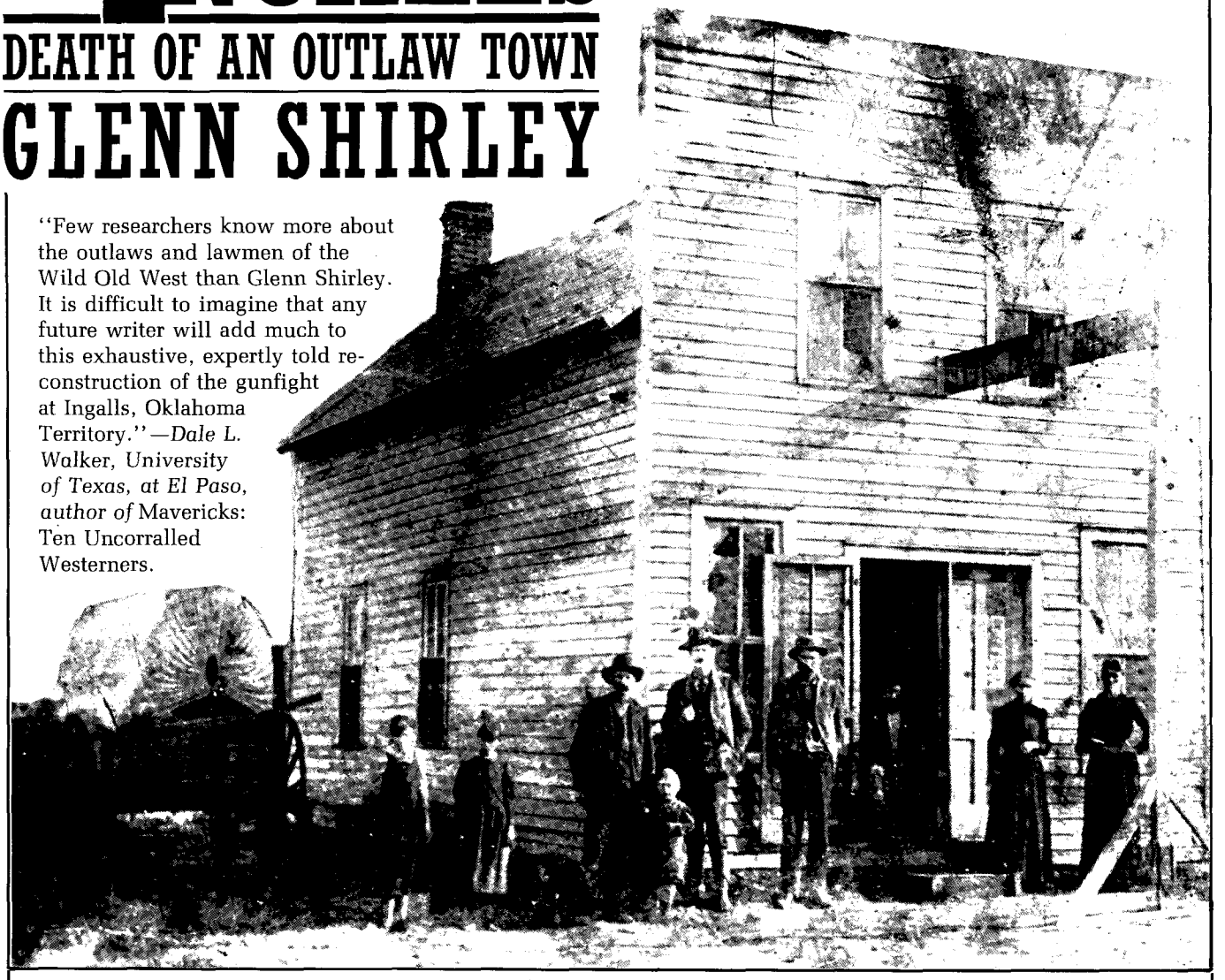

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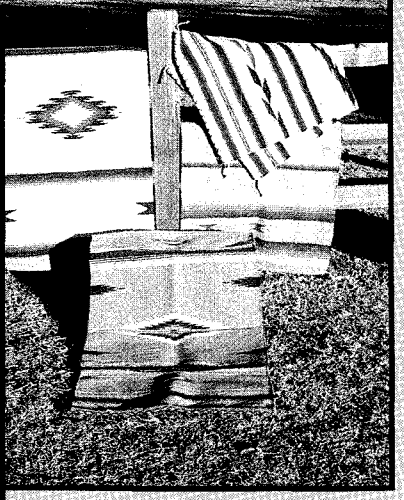

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